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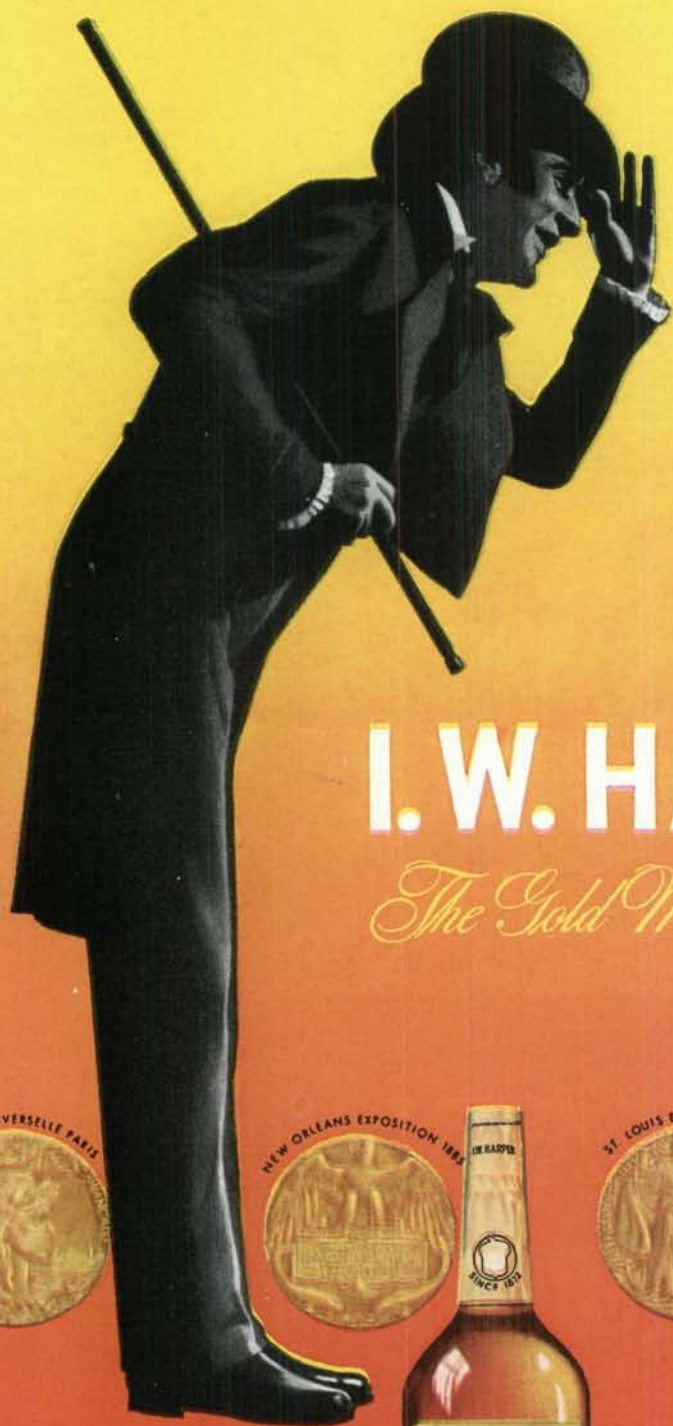
THE *Atlantic*



IDYLAN THOMAS By Edith Sitwell

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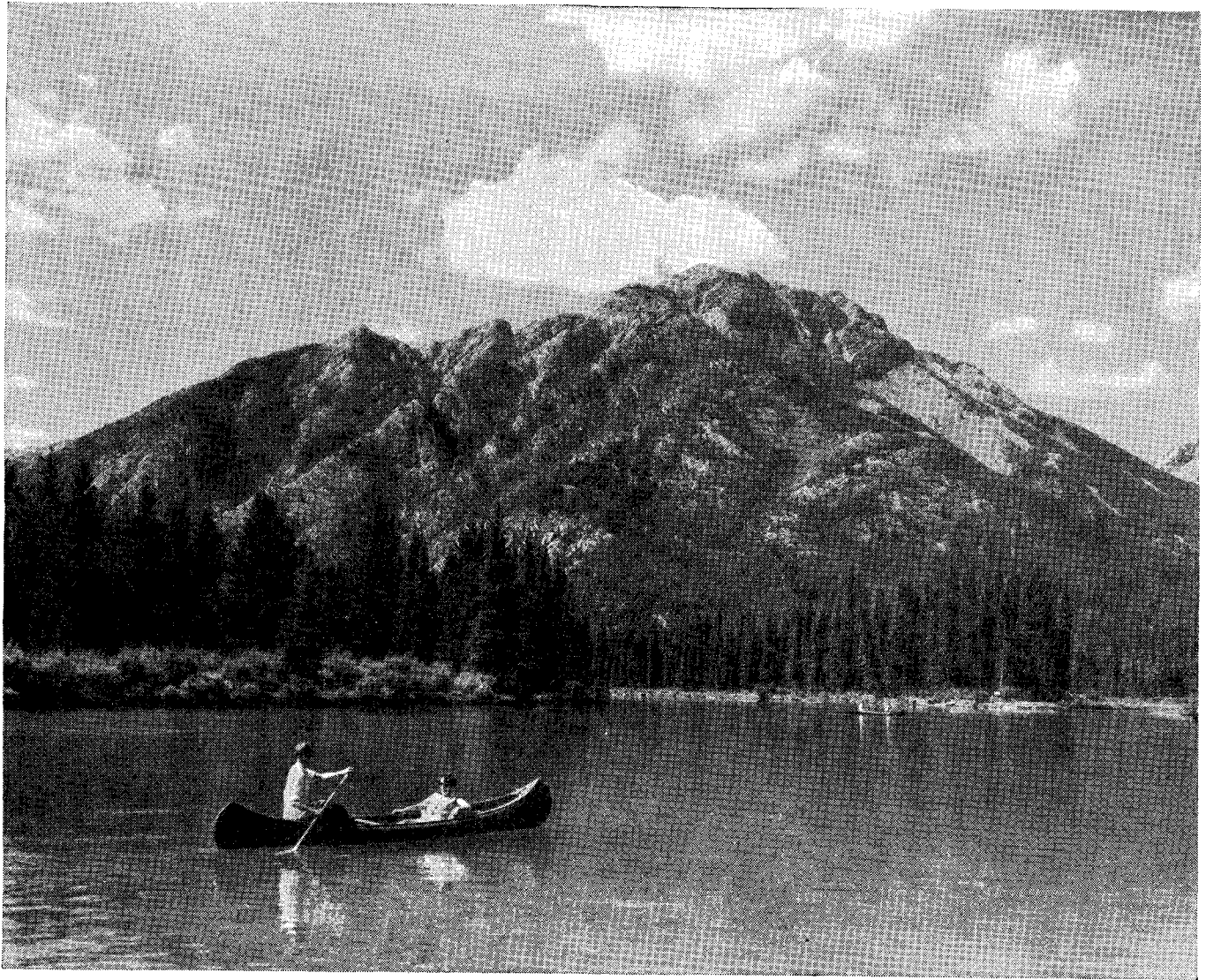
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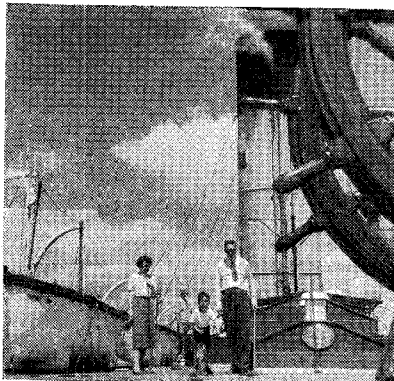


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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

Thailand

ANY man in the street in Bangkok will tell you that government officials are dishonest, that cabinet ministers are making fortunes in the government rice monopoly, that the police force is supported by the sale of the opium it seizes, and that top government officials are busily banking their profits outside the country, probably in South America. All these rumors seem to have a basis in fact. But, surprisingly enough, practically nobody cares. In the Thai phrase, "*Mai pen rai* — it doesn't matter."

With the exception of a small intelligentsia in Bangkok, the Siamese are indifferent to politics and to the functioning or malfunctioning of their government. They are satisfied with the status quo. By Western standards the bulk of the people are poor indeed, but by the debased standards of Southeast Asia they are rich. Thailand is a rice-surplus area, and everyone has enough to fill his belly. There is, for the moment, no population pressure to breed discontent. In most parts of the country any ambitious farmer can find new land.

Alone among the people of Southeast Asia, the Siamese have never known the rule of Western imperialists. As a result, they have had no reason to develop a hypernationalism. They have had, in fact, no stimulus to turn them to politics. They leave the business of government to the governors. It is symptomatic that newspapers outside Bangkok print practically no national political news. It is not a question of censorship. Their readers simply are not interested.

The Government Party of Prime Minister Phibun (pronounced Pee-boon) Songgram has been firmly in the saddle since 1951. Unquestionably his gov-

ernment is a dictatorship, and Thailand is a police state. But because the people are so complacent, the ruling clique does not have to be aggressively dictatorial. It is composed, to resurrect an old phrase, of "genial fascists."

Not a single coup has livened the Thai scene for more than two years. The police cracked down last summer on what they claimed was a Communist conspiracy. The accused conspirators, some of whom were members of the Government Party, have not yet been brought to trial. At a preliminary hearing one of them emerged from prison long enough to tell the judge how he had been tortured by police to get a confession of Marxist leanings. His story was quickly hushed and the trial indefinitely postponed.

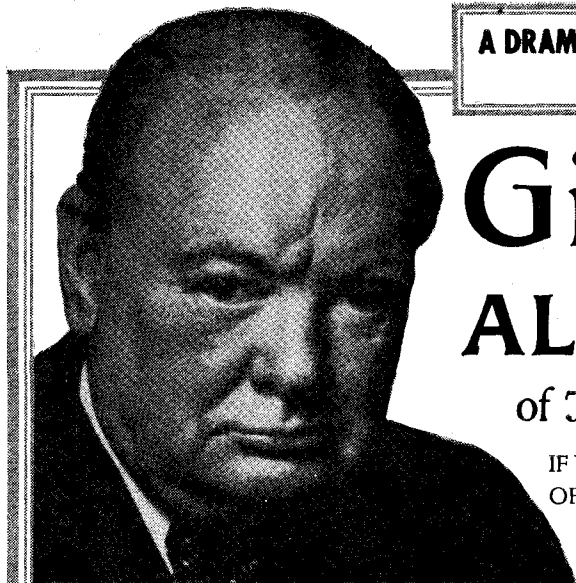
Although there is no chance of a real upheaval, a good palace revolution may happen any time. The showdown, when it comes, will be between the army and the police. The director-general of the police is General Phao Sriyanondh. The real commander of the army is the deputy minister of defense, General Sarit Dhanaratjata. They are the two most powerful men in Thailand today, despite the reputation of Prime Minister Phibun as a strong man.

Phao's police force numbers about 40,000 men. It is equipped with such unusual police weapons as tanks and helicopters, and it includes a force of American-trained police paratroops. Sarit's army is about the same size, mostly infantry.

Phibun's balancing act

Phibun stays in power by a delicate balancing act, at which he is proving himself, in the best

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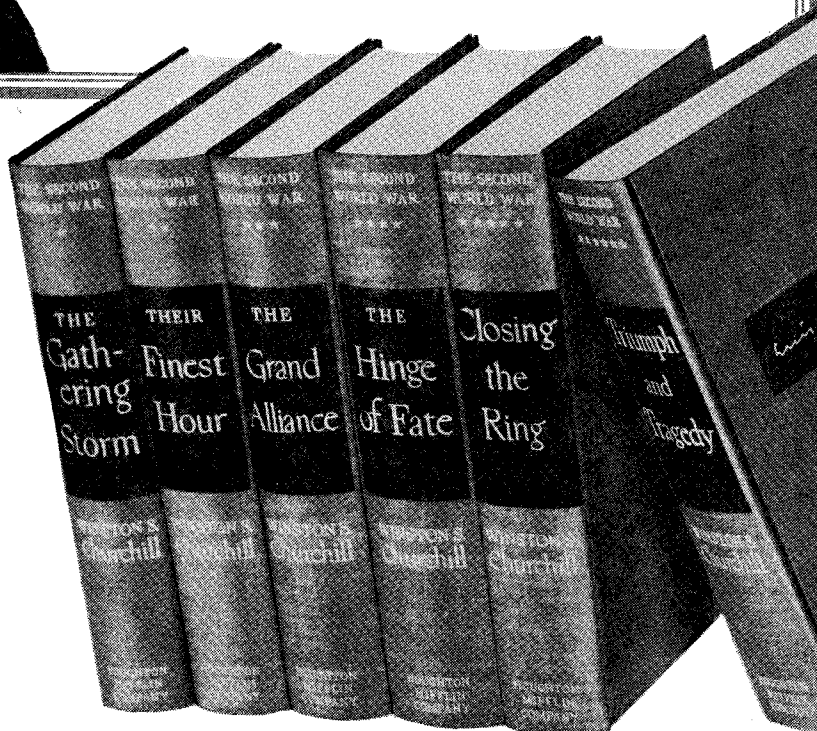
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The Atlantic Report on *Thailand*



Thai tradition, extremely adept. How long he can continue is anybody's guess. It is twenty-two years since he came to power for the first time, in a coup which ended the world's last absolute monarchy. He was one of the young, European-trained army officers who decided Thailand needed a modern form of government. Since 1931 he has been in and out of power, alternating for the most part with his chief rival, Pridi Phanomyong.

During World War II, Phibun was the pro-Japanese prime minister and Pridi headed the pro-American "Free Thai Movement" inside the country. Naturally in 1946 and 1947 Pridi was riding high, but in 1948 Phibun drove him from power. Since the early thirties Phibun had been accusing his opponent of Communism, and Pridi finally obliged him by disappearing mysteriously into Red China.

Most observers thought he would pop up again in the new Free Thai Movement which the Chinese Communists organized last spring when the Viet Minh attacked Laos. Instead the Reds chose as "president" a disgruntled relative of the King of Laos. They announced the Communist Free Thai area to contain Thailand, Laos, the Shan States of Burma, and parts of Yunnan Province in China, all inhabited by the descendants of the original Thai tribes. When the Viet Minh moved across Laos again at Christmas time, Bangkok declared a state of emergency in the nine provinces facing Indo-China and rushed troops to the border.

Bumper rice crop

For the first time since 1945, Thailand faces an economic crisis. Since the end of the war Siamese rice has found a ready market all over hungry Asia, but now there seems to be more than enough rice in the world. India, until this year a major purchaser, has harvested a bumper crop. The United States has suddenly become an important exporter. Malaya and Indonesia are cutting back on their imports.

Even in November, Thailand's storage facilities were bulging. The real problem came in January when the 1953 crop was fully harvested. The government moved to cut the drain on foreign exchange by declaring strict import controls. Only the typhoon that destroyed so much of Japan's rice in the fields last summer has saved Thailand from a really overwhelming surplus.

All through the post-war years, however, there has been a tremendous spread between the rate which the government rice monopoly paid to the

farmers and the price it charged for the commodity on the overseas exchange. Thailand's conspicuous prosperity has been limited to the traders and politicians in Bangkok. It hasn't really filtered down to the farms. By the same token a depression will hit Bangkok hard. The farmers will lose what little cash they have earned from the sale of their surplus rice, but they will still have enough to eat.

The fine art of diplomacy

In their successful effort to remain free during two imperialist centuries, the rulers of Thailand developed the art of diplomacy to a fine point. While England, France, and Holland were gobbling up her neighbors, Thailand learned how best to play one power against another in order to stay on the winning side. During World War II, into which the Siamese entered as allies of the conquering Japanese and from which they emerged with a reputation for underground friendliness to the victorious United Nations, the Thai government once again demonstrated its adeptness at shifting with the winds of fortune.

The current rulers of Thailand are loud in their proclamations of loyalty to the cause of democracy. The police quickly clap into jail anyone who breathes a word of serious dissent. The army announces itself as ready to fight if the Communists attack from Indo-China or China.

The prosperous Chinese minority

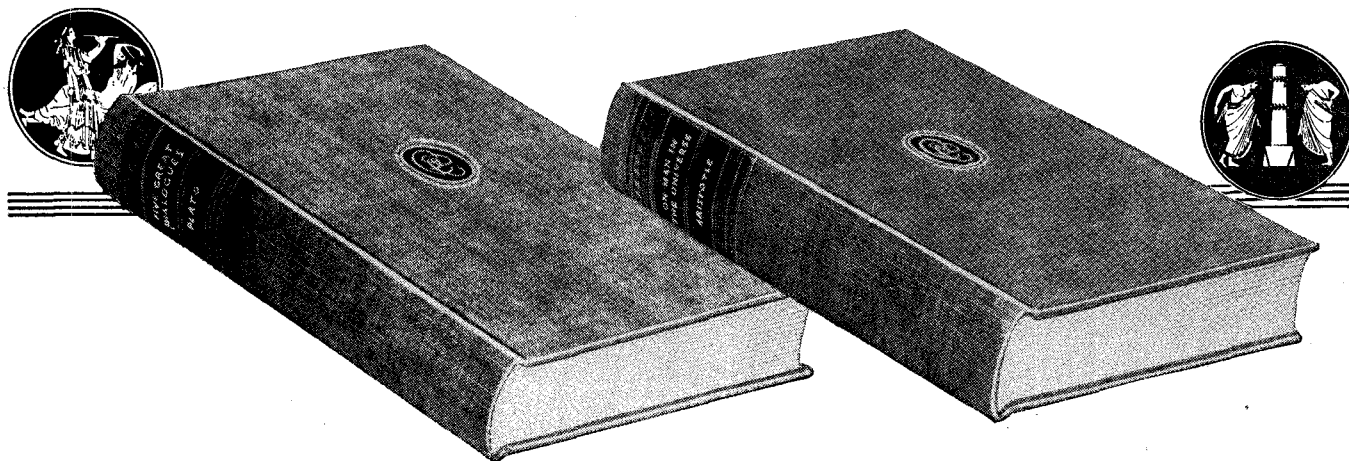
The Chinese constitute nearly one fifth of the 19 million people in the country. Like all overseas Chinese, those in Thailand have found ways to keep in touch with events on "the mainland." In the last year there has been a decided swing away from Communism and toward the Nationalists.

The Chinese Chamber of Commerce, dominated until last summer by Communist sympathizers, has been reorganized into a firm, Kuomintang-oriented group. Both the Chamber and the Chinese Legation staged extremely successful parties last fall in honor of Double Tenth, the October 10 birthday of the Chinese Republic. There were no celebrations on October 1, the Red Chinese holiday, because no supporter of Mao Tse-tung, regardless of how loyal, would dare to brave the wrath of Phao's police.

In Thailand, probably more than in any of the other Southeast Asian countries in which the Chinese form a prosperous minority, there is anti-Chinese prejudice. The Chinese are discriminated against by all sorts of laws. A Chinese merchant not only must pay a special tax as an alien resident,

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but he cannot, except under very unusual circumstances, take out citizenship papers. For printing his name in Chinese characters over the door to his shop he pays another tax. A Chinese workman is strictly prohibited from entering certain trades; for instance, he cannot be a barber.

Certainly if there were a group ripe for Communism because of its resentment of the status quo, it would be the Chinese. Their failure to espouse the cause of the new China is a measure of the failure of Mao's regime to make headway in Thailand.

Mission center

Because the country is so peaceful and the government so cooperative, Thailand is a haven for all the diverse agencies that want, for whatever reason, to raise the standard of living of Asia. The groups with the longest history of eleemosynary work among the Siamese are the missionaries, who first arrived a century ago. Nearly fifty years ago the Protestant churches split up Southeast Asia on a sort of cartel system, and Thailand fell to the Presbyterians. They have seventeen schools, scattered around the

country, plus almost as many hospitals and one leprosarium, in the leprosy-prone north.

But the Presbyterians no longer have a monopoly. The Seventh-Day Adventists and the Jehovah's Witnesses — believers in free religious competition — have moved in. The Adventists run the most modern hospital in Bangkok, patronized for the most part by Americans and Chinese. The Witnesses distribute the *Watchtower* in the Thai language.

In the last few years the ranks of missionaries have been increased by the overflow of mission groups ousted from China, looking for "temporary" fields of activity. In Bangkok, Roman Catholic orders also have several excellent schools. The number of converts to all these sects has been few, but three generations of Siamese have come to respect the Christians for their medical and educational work.

American aid

The United States government has a thriving special technical and economic mission in Bangkok. Under the successive initials of ECA, MSA,

and FOA, the mission has aided Thailand to the tune of \$22.4 million since 1950. The budget for the current fiscal year is \$5 million. The major efforts have been in such basic fields as public health and sanitation, education, and agriculture. The mission has tried, by pilot projects in, say, well-digging or seed selection, to teach the Thai government how to proceed on its own.

A second form of official American aid to Thailand is the Fulbright exchange teacher program. Sixteen Americans are now teaching in Thai schools and universities. Most of them are working with future teachers, who will be expected to soak up American educational methods without making the expensive trip abroad.

But missionaries and American aid missions have become common phenomena around the world. Peculiar to Bangkok is the concentration of United Nations agencies doing their bit to raise living standards. Bangkok is the headquarters of the Economic Council for Asia and the Far East. It is the Asian headquarters for the United Nations Children's Fund and for the World Health Organization. UNESCO has a program with the education department of the Thai government. The World Bank is behind a major development scheme involving the irrigation of a complete new area for ricelands. The FAO has programs for all Thai crops from rubber to rice.

The old ways linger

Because so many agencies have chosen Thailand as the scene of their endeavors, the country is an interesting study in the results of aid to Asia. It is, in effect, a microcosm of the Orient in its reaction to the new Western spirit of uplift. Unfortunately, aid to Asia does not pay off in any easy and sure manner. The wisest of experts with the best of intentions cannot change overnight ways of life that people have followed for centuries. Sometimes the results of the projects are extremely discouraging.

The Presbyterian missionaries, for instance, feel that the time has come to turn over their hospitals to trained Thai doctors and technicians. But wherever they have done so, the standards of the institutions have slipped. In the northern city of



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Chiang Mai, Dr. Boon Chom Ariwongee, American-educated head of the McCormick Hospital, is one leading young Thai who realizes this development. No matter how hard he works, he cannot keep his laboratory technicians, his nurses, and his staff doctors up to the mark that used to be set for them by American directors. He believes the Thai people, accustomed to relying on Westerners and to following their lead, have not yet developed a faith in their own educated classes.

In most of the Presbyterian mission schools there is still at least one American teacher. Neither that teacher nor any visiting American supervisors can convince the Thai teachers to adopt American educational methods. They cling to their teaching by rote. Nevertheless, each Thai principal insists on maintaining an American on the staff simply for the prestige it gives the school.

World Health Organization teams started an anti-malaria drive in 1950 by thoroughly spraying with DDT the walls of all dwellings in the worst disease areas. UN representatives showed Thai workers how the spraying should be done. The annual repetition of spraying is now handled by the Thai government. Workers no longer spray behind furniture or in difficult corners. They sometimes carelessly skip whole houses. The net effect of their slipshod methods is to cancel the good of the campaign.

Of course, some of the applications of Western science to Thailand's problems are bound to show long-range results. American methods of seed selection cannot help increasing Siamese rice production as long as the Americans stay around to supervise the program. FAO's introduction of bud-grafted rubber trees will be a boon to the small rubber farmers of the south without their lifting a finger to change their own habits.

But it is apparent that aiding Thailand, or any of the countries of Asia, to change its ways is going to involve a long pull. If the West wants to produce permanent results, it will have to continue its programs of advice, assistance, and education for a good many years. Without steady support and reinforcement, Thailand's thin veneer of modern Western ways would soon crumble.

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British West Indies

CERTAIN sinister trends in parts of Central and South America are convincing proof, if any were needed, that the United States' interests throughout this area cannot nowadays be limited merely to private commercial exploitation and tourist relaxation. There must be a wider, national concern in the political and economic stability of the whole region.

It is in this context that the state of affairs in Guatemala and British Guiana has to be judged. In Guatemala a regime exists which is only narrowly distinguishable from an orthodox Communist state. In British Guiana, owing to the use of reserved powers by the local governor, it has been possible to take decisive remedial action to prevent a similar development. This action, even though it may have offended the spirit, if not the letter, of the Monroe Doctrine, certainly earned the commendation of Washington.

Welcome, then, should be the joint plan of Great Britain and her West Indian territories to create, in a zone so important to American security, another independent federal Dominion loyal to the British Crown and the free democratic way of life of the English-speaking world.

Many considerations urge such a step. Experience has shown that political independence granted to a small state which does not also possess the basic means of economic livelihood is but a hollow mockery and leads, sooner or later, to its subjection to a militant minority that owes allegiance to a foreign tyranny. Separate and divided, the scores of British-owned Caribbean islands, ranging from Jamaica, 4400 square miles in size, down to tiny islands too small for human habitation, have no valid foundation on which to establish a minimum degree of economic viability to enable them to achieve individually their aim of self-government within the Commonwealth.

Together, especially if British Guiana and British Honduras on the mainland could be induced to join the federation, they would make a significant entity. This would not only benefit the standard of living of the inhabitants concerned, but also contribute to the maintenance of a peaceful equilib-

rium throughout an important area of the globe at a time when both the United States and Britain have more than enough strategic preoccupations elsewhere to engage their full attention.

Too far apart

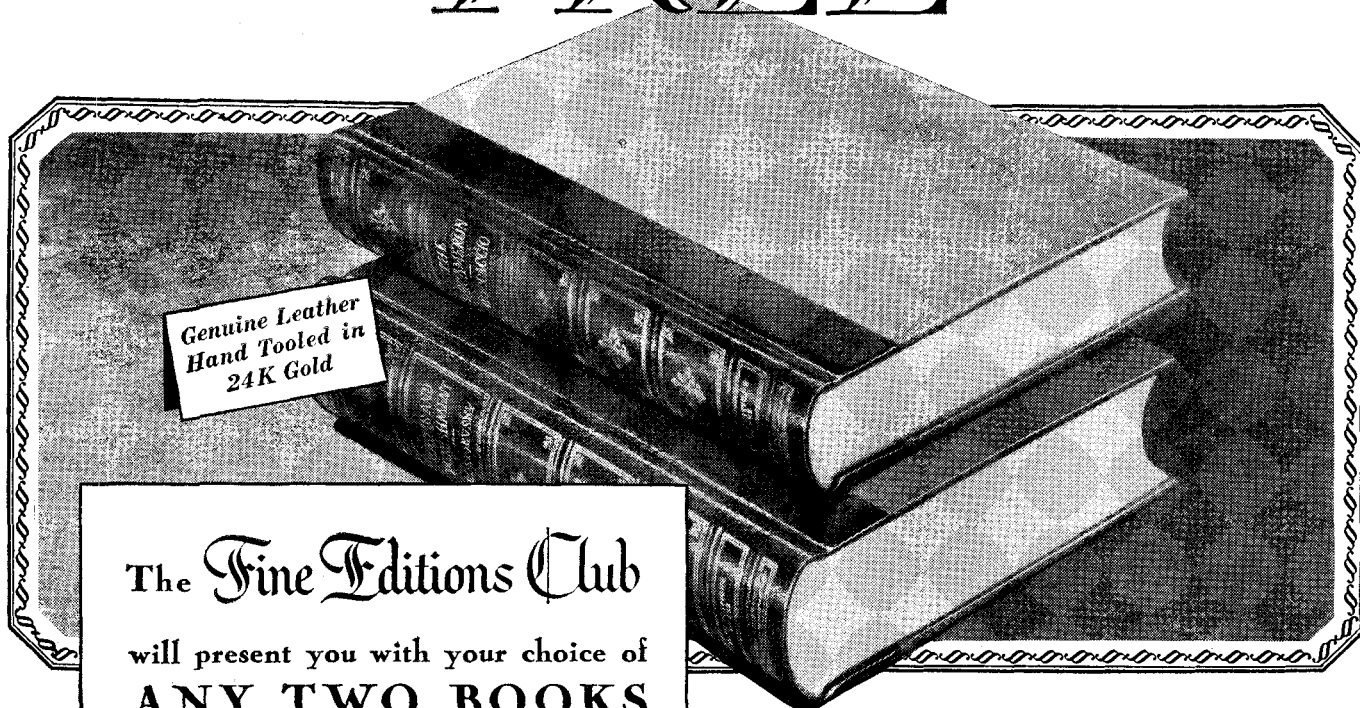
Desirable though federation may be, however, it is going to be no easy task to bring it to fruition. The first, and not the least, difficulty in the way is that of geography. For nearly eighty years the idea of establishing a closer union of the West Indies has been under intermittent consideration by the Colonial Office in London; but hitherto the obstacles of excessive distance and poor communications between the proposed components have proved insuperable. There is well over a thousand miles of rolling ocean between Jamaica and Trinidad, or Jamaica and Barbados; while even the members of existing groupings, the Windward and Leeward Islands, are widely dispersed. To some extent, of course, this aspect has been made easier by the advance of both passenger and freight air transport.

Then too there are a variety of interterritorial prides and jealousies to be overcome. These are not simply manifestations of the white versus black or brown color-bar so prevalent in other parts of the world, but reflect in a much less definable fashion the vivid historical background to the islands' development. Populated originally, but sparsely, by several true Carib races of Amerindian derivation, the islands have endured successive waves of European settlement, conquest, and counterconquest which have left an inevitable backwash of inextricably mixed racial composition.

In the main the indigenous Caribs and their descendants have almost disappeared, and have been replaced by Europeans (British, Spanish, Portuguese, French, and Dutch) and by the descendants of emancipated slaves or of indentured East Indian and Chinese laborers. In the case of British Guiana, for instance, while doubtless an understandable desire not to share Guiana's natural resources with the overpopulated islands is a factor, it is probable that the chief antifederation impulses of the leaders of the East Indian majority there spring from determination not to lose their own racial predominance.

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Yet, on the whole, what is surprising is not the limited amount of "West Indian" national feeling, but rather that it exists to the extent that it does. After all, most have in common only the fact that their homelands were discovered by Columbus in one or another of his various westward odysseys.

Turbulent Jamaica

Jamaica, or Xaymaca, deriving from the native word for "well-wooded and watered," was first visited by the great explorer in 1494, but fifteen years were to elapse before attempted Spanish colonization followed. It was not a happy advent for the luckless aborigines, who were all but exterminated by the invaders.

After a further century and a half of little or no material progress, the island eventually fell easy prey to Cromwell's expansionist policies, although it was not until 1670 that British occupation was finally endorsed by international treaty. Jamaica then began its most lurid but romantic era as the refuge and haunt of a veritable concourse of freebooters, buccaneers, and pirates, who rapidly earned the island an evil repute throughout the whole western world.

From the boiling pot of these wild beginnings rose a whole series of revolts that continued to make Jamaica a very troublesome member of Britain's imperial family until well into the nineteenth century. Of those exciting days fascinating reminders still live on. Particularly interesting is the continued existence of a paramilitary force, the "Maroons" (Men of the Mountains), who take justifiable pride in their direct descent from Spanish slaves who escaped at the time of the British conquest. Outlaws they remained, violent and untamed, until an honorable peace between them and the forces of law and order was finally signed.

Nowadays, under a dazzling sun and blue skies, the Jamaicans, as vivid as the brilliant tropical vegetation around them, wrest a living by cultivating sugar, bananas, and tobacco; by distilling rum; and by developing the rich deposits of bauxite ores, recently discovered.

Oil in Trinidad

Over 1100 miles away to the southeast lies Trinidad, also discovered by

Columbus, and piously named by him after the Holy Trinity. Thereafter, except for a little desultory Spanish settlement and an occasional raid by one or other of the competing European powers, Trinidad remained something of a backwater from the point of view of imperial development until, under the proddings of an enterprising Frenchman nearly two hundred years later, organized "Catholic" immigration was encouraged.

Since in fact most of the immigrants were of French stock, Gallic influence, particularly culturally, is still a notable feature in Trinidad's way of life. Indeed the ultimate transfer of the islands to British sovereignty came about, not because of any locally instigated coup, but as a prize of the Peace of Amiens in 1802.

Trinidad, formerly principally dependent, as are most of the other islands, on uncertain agriculture, has struck oil, literally. This commodity, exported in millions of gallons a year, is now much more important financially than the longer-established sugar industry, or even the asphalt products of famous Pitch Lake.

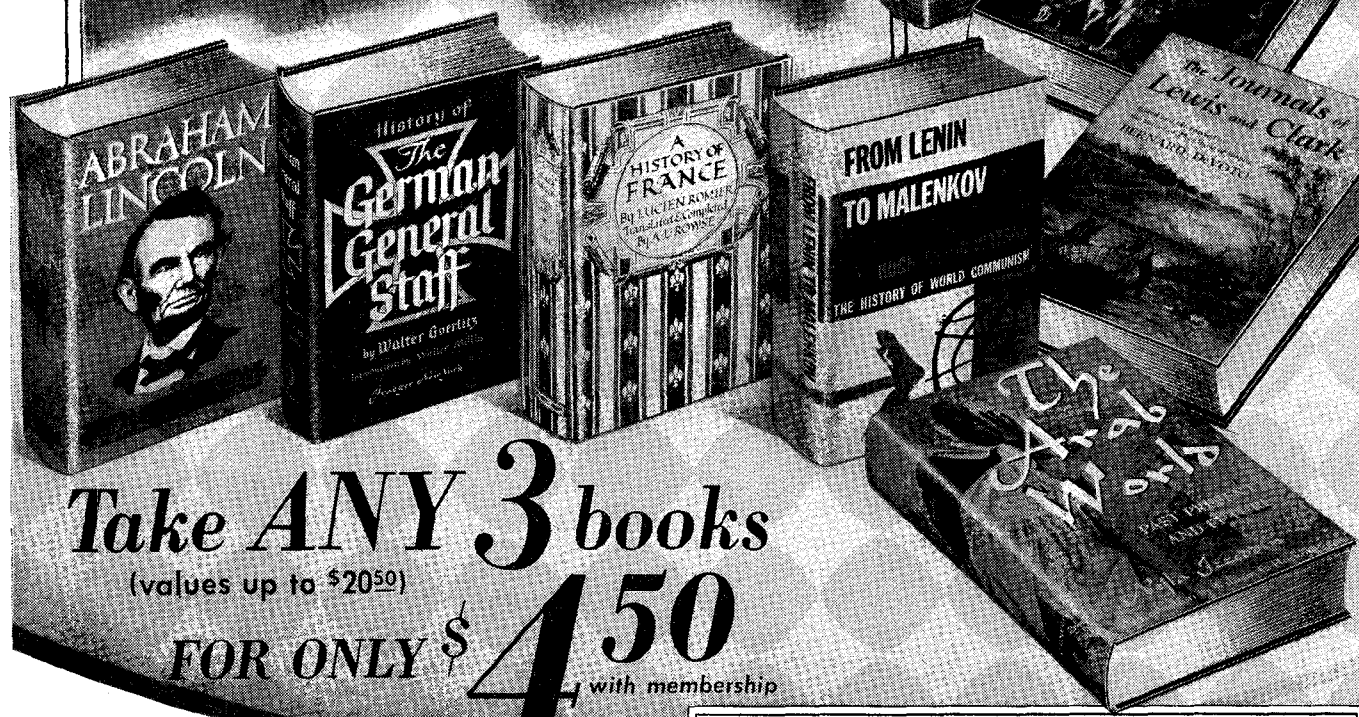
The link with Barbados

A third island which deserves special mention is Barbados, essentially more similar in tradition, outlook, and culture to Britain than any of the other West Indies. For, unlike them, excepting a brief visit in the sixteenth century by Portuguese explorers, it has since been continually under British influence or rule without suffering the vicissitudes of repeated battledore and shuttlecock possession and strife by European rivals.

What makes this particular island so especially dear to hearts in the mother country is that Barbados represents the proudest outpost of the game of cricket in the Western Hemisphere. During England's Civil War between Royalists and Roundheads, Barbados also had a similar interne-cine conflict. There still exists here, too, an aloof little "poor white" community, entitled Red Legs, directly descended from those transported during England's Bloody Assizes, after the Duke of Monmouth's unsuccessful rebellion against Stuart King James II.

In more modern times there have been Barbadians who have openly be-

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lieved that their proper political evolution should lead to their inclusion within the United Kingdom, with the right to send their own Members of Parliament to Westminster.

In a wide crescent to the west stem out the Windward and the Leeward Islands, each group already integrated to some extent for administrative purposes. Yet each "unit" and, indeed, each island has its own rich history and individual characteristics.

A common denominator is that their staple crop is sugar, with cocoa and several other foods as secondary products. It would be hard to find any part of the world where European rivalry, in this case between Britain and France, has produced so bewildering a history of change of possession every few years, and sometimes every few months, dating from their discovery by Columbus up to the end of the Napoleonic Wars.

Union without merger

The federal plan, already agreed on at the executive level and now under consideration by all the island legislatures, has been modeled on the Australian constitution.

By a loose association, leaving a wide field of control in the hands of the internal governments, and concentrating at the center only issues

of essentially collective interest, it is hoped that a satisfactory compromise can be reached between the conflicting demands of administrative and economic efficiency on the one hand and the need to preserve parochial vitality on the other.

In order that this balance shall not be later upset, matters coming under the jurisdiction of the federal parliament and government are to be strictly defined. They cannot afterwards be increased for general application without the prior approval of all the territorial legislatures affected. Currently, the proposed federal "Exclusive List" includes, among other items, defense, exchange control, external affairs, and the establishment of a federal judiciary.

In addition, a "Concurrent Legislative List" has been prepared, providing that on such questions as aviation, control of aliens, currency, marriage and divorce, both the federal and the unitary parliaments will be able to legislate, but that in the event of contradiction, federal laws shall prevail.

Another problem requiring a compromise solution has been that in a federal parliament, constituted solely on an elective numerical principle, the individual voice of, for instance, tiny Montserrat with its population of

barely 14,000, and sending one M.P. to the capital, could be swamped by the sixteen representatives of Jamaica, 140 times as large and possessing over a million and a quarter inhabitants. Consequently a senate is also to be established, made up of a couple of nominated members from each of the territories, irrespective of size, to offset this discrimination. This second chamber will naturally be subordinate in its powers and functions to the main, elected body.

Since the present scheme was first officially put forward three years ago, proportionate adjustments have had to be made in the proposed membership of both houses because of the current disinclination of both British Guiana and British Honduras, the U.K.'s only dependencies on the South American mainland, to join the new Dominion. For their own benefit and that of the West Indies as a whole, Britain hopes that they will reconsider and decide to join.

Leaders of the new Dominion

Alex Bustamante, Jamaica's unique leader, although no longer young, is still possessed of great drive and energy. Of mixed Irish and African descent and able to hold his own with Winston Churchill, "Busta" knows his fellow Jamaicans' love of a measure of flamboyance in their leaders. But behind the showmanship of his "gun-packing" and of his emotional rhetoric is the brain of one of the shrewdest politicians to be found anywhere — conservative in outlook, too, despite his leadership of Jamaica's "Labor" Party.

His principal rival on the island, although a first cousin, could hardly be more different in temperament or outlook. Norman Manley, radical and ascetic, models himself on Britain's former Socialist Chancellor, the late Sir Stafford Cripps.

Across the Caribbean in Trinidad, Albert Gomes, virtual prime minister there, gains constantly in influence and stature. A former tough union boss, Gomes's policies are now anything but left-wing. Barbados can also claim an outstanding politician in Grantley Adams. A forceful individualist and progressive, this brilliant colored lawyer and university graduate is a loyal and open protagonist of the creation of a new nation-member of the free world.

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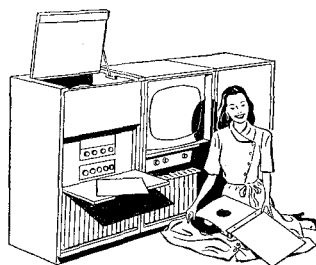
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Washington

DIVISION of powers between the Executive and Congress was the dominant issue as the Eisenhower Administration began its second year. The struggle for authority between the White House and Capitol Hill was somewhat camouflaged during the honeymoon period in 1953. Congress was on its good behavior, and the President went out of his way to establish cordial relations with legislators. But the underlying contest is in terms of prerogatives rather than personalities, and there are signs that it will break out in the open during this session of Congress.

There was an indication in the grumbling of Republican congressional leaders over the President's assertion that the GOP ought to be judged by the broad and dynamic program he hopes Congress will enact. *They*, rather than the President, the legislators insisted, will determine what the program is to be. Another facet of the problem is the refusal of Senator Knowland, the majority leader, to take public issue with Senator McCarthy after his attack on Administration foreign policy. In this the principal legislative lieutenant failed to back up President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles.

The three-day legislative conference at the White House in mid-December was an effort by the President to establish a balance. But the 1954 congressional elections remain a distraction. Both parties are interested in making the session a short one. The Republican majority is paper-thin. The Democrats upon whom the Administration will have to depend for enactment of its program are themselves thinking of politics. Many Democrats sympathetic towards Ike were alienated by Attorney General Brownell's attack on former President Truman. Thus most of the influences are working toward standpattism.

Secretary Benson and his advisers have labored diligently to come up with an alternative to subsidized surpluses. Some changes are in prospect on individual commodities over which the Secretary of Agriculture has discretionary authority, such as dairy products. But the congressional program of price supports pegged at 90 per cent of parity on basic commodities is popular in both parties, despite the criticisms. With the squeeze between lower

prices and higher farm costs remaining a political factor, it will be difficult to persuade Congress to accept any radical departure from the present guarantees.

Last fall the Administration decided against asking Congress for new taxes to replace revenue lost in the 10 per cent cut in income taxes and expiration of the excess profits tax. The emphasis has been on additional efforts to balance the budget through economies in defense spending. By reducing expenditures and avoiding new taxes, the Administration hopes to enlist congressional support for some changes in present excise taxes.

Statehood for Hawaii remains an important Administration objective and, because of the approval by the House last year, only the Senate must act. A hard core of opposition exists among Southern Democrats, however, and the statehood issue is particularly susceptible to filibusters and political horse-trades. Meanwhile the Administration has little disposition to press this year for revision of the Taft-Hartley Labor Law or for amendment of the McCarran Immigration Act or the admission of additional iron curtain refugees.

The aim of the Bricker Amendment

A major issue before Congress will be the Bricker Amendment to limit drastically the treaty-making power of the Executive department. In some ways this is the crux of the struggle between the Executive and Legislative branches. So far, despite the crippling effect which the amendment would have on the conduct of foreign relations, the Administration has mustered relatively little support in Congress for the Executive position.

Apart from the details of the amendment itself, the fact that such a proposal to erode Executive prerogatives has gained headway alarms many students of the Presidency. It is symbolic of the urge for congressional supremacy in a tripartite system. F.D.R., as a strong President who came into office at a time of emergency, was able to dominate Congress; and when his hold began to wane, the war re-established it. Truman had to contend with a reactionary Congress after the pressure was



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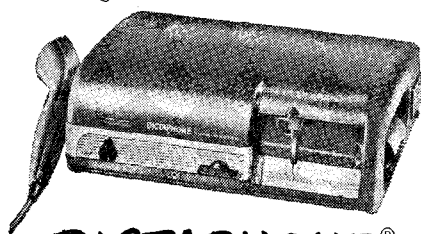
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off; and the result was to leave Congress firmly in control. President Eisenhower, who tried at the outset for harmony and coöperation, finds his efforts construed as weakness.

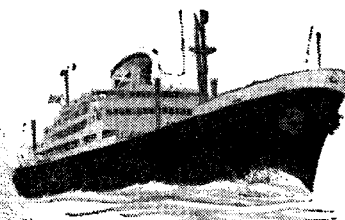
Actually, the struggle is as old as the country. Alexander Hamilton wrote in the *Federalist* papers that legislators ought to be wise enough not to hem in the Executive with restraints that experience teaches us cannot be respected in emergencies.

One former Cabinet member in the Truman Administration refers to the "Frenchification" of American politics, in the sense that we have not merely two main political parties, but three or four segments of each party, all of which must be conciliated. The danger of such compromise carried to extremes is aimless drift. The United States has had good government, he argues, only when strong Presidents have used all the powers of their office to induce Congress to accept what at the time may be unpopular legislation.

It is against this historical background — with the issue essentially the same as that faced when the Constitution, which created the Executive, superseded the Articles of Confederation — that President Eisenhower's leadership will be tested. There are many indications that his concept of the Presidency is changing. When he took office he tended to regard his function as one of merely recommending measures for Congress to adopt. In his call early in December for a "dynamic" policy, however, he spoke of his "close associates" and "those who fight for the program" he submits.

The President versus McCarthy

There no longer can be any question that Eisenhower detests McCarthy and his methods, but it is not yet clear what action the President will take. Eisenhower is still receiving conflicting advice. One of his close associates before the 1952 election has urged him to surround McCarthy with "nice guys" — a tactic which certainly has not worked in the past. There also is still some naïveté in White House reactions to McCarthy. One presidential aide was much impressed with the 50,000 letters and telegrams received in the first week after McCarthy's exhortation, apparently completely unaware that in the past the White House several times



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Complicating Eisenhower's problem is the attitude of Republican politicians toward McCarthy. It is no secret that many Republicans in Congress, while keeping him at arm's length, are completely cynical about him and are perfectly willing to use him so long as they think he will bring votes. Even the late Senator Taft remarked not long before he died that McCarthy is the greatest asset the Republican Party has. Taft, however, was able to hold McCarthy in line; and now there is no one in Congress with Taft's prestige. This leaves the problem to President Eisenhower and Vice President Nixon.

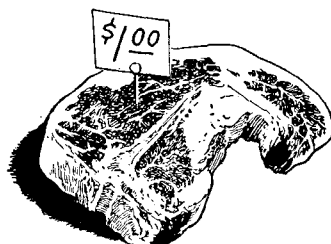
This much is certain: If Eisenhower expects to move the Republican Party away from its preoccupation with the past and on to the support of his own programs, it will require more than mere persuasion. It will require Eisenhower to be in a sense his own majority leader. It will require the welding of coalitions for the enactment of specific legislation. It will require a willingness to take risks, where the President stakes his own prestige on the outcome. Most of all, it will require the use of the not inconsiderable powers of the Presidency — the power as party chief as well as chief executive, as the dispenser of patronage as well as the initiator of policy — to induce Congress to adopt and follow his program.

Dulles's record

Unquestionably the Administration's largest area of success, as it starts its second year, is in foreign relations. Some Cabinet members — notably Treasury Secretary Humphrey and Defense Secretary Wilson, and to a lesser extent Postmaster General Summerfield and Agriculture Secretary Benson — have been able to institute new policies in their departments with favorable results. But it is Secretary of State Dulles whose policies have been put to the most severe test.

Part of the reason is that foreign relations have called for so many immediate decisions. The Korean truce, the tedious negotiations over the political conference, the exchanges with Moscow over the Big Four meeting, Trieste, the European Defense Community — these all have called for

Why does steak cost you twice as much as pot roast?



	No. Lbs. in 1,000-lb. Steer	Retail Price per lb.		No. Lbs. in 1,000-lb. Steer	Retail Price per lb.
Porterhouse, T-bone & Club Steak	35	\$1.00	Pot or Chuck Roast	105	\$.52
	55	.88		25	.90
Sirloin Steak			Boneless Rump Roast		
	50	.76		100	.43
Round Steak			Hamburger		
	30	.65		50	.54
Rib Roast			Stew Meat & Misc. cuts		

The retail cuts shown above are the amounts obtained from a typical 1,000-lb. choice grade steer. Retail prices are averages during Mid-November for all kinds of Chicago stores, including cash-and-carry, charge-and-deliver, in high rent areas and in low rent areas. Prices in some stores may be higher ... in others lower.

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As you can see, there's about three times more pot roast in a steer than fanciest cuts of steak. That's supply. And, as you know, most people like steak better than almost anything. That's demand.

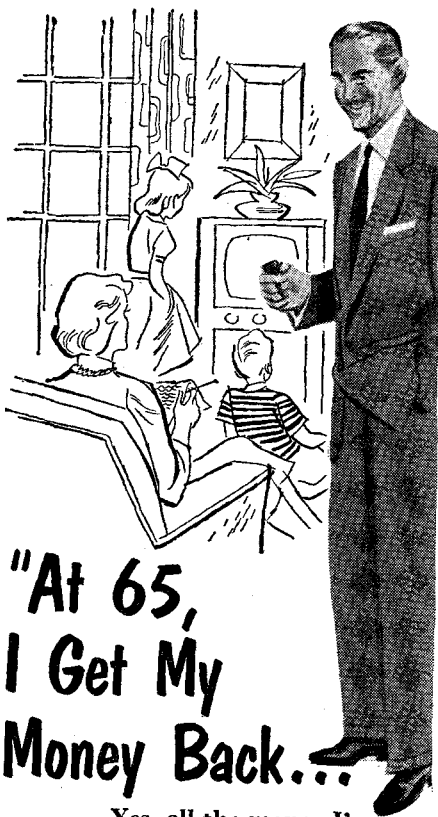
So steak—with supply limited and demand high—just has to cost more. (It's the same law that makes gold cost more than the more plen-

tiful nickel—diamonds worth more than the less scarce turquoises.)

If each steer provided the same number of pounds of each cut—and if everybody liked each cut equally well—all cuts of beef would be priced exactly the same.

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prompt action. In other departments of government, by contrast, the Administration has been able to rely on study commissions to assess old policies and recommend new ones.

Dulles, who will be sixty-six this month, looks tired. He shows the strain of innumerable conferences and tours of inspection. He tends to be impatient and to oversimplify — as in his private complaint that a mere matter of uniforms held up agreement between Britain and Egypt over the Suez Canal. But he speaks and acts with far more confidence than he did a year ago. This confidence in turn has brought him new respect and even affection from his foreign counterparts.

Certainly the start was faltering. Dulles, who in one sense had been training for the secretaryship all his life (he is the grandson of one Secretary of State and the nephew of another), had to expiate some of the exaggerations of the election campaign. In the process the State Department sustained some scars. Dulles appeared insecure and evasive at first. He was criticized as having no backbone. Senator McCarthy's juvenile scouts, Cohn and Schine, were allowed virtually to decimate diplomatic staffs abroad, especially in Germany. The Foreign Service was further disrupted by the near-fanaticism of the new security officer, R. W. Scott McLeod.

Beginning with the Korean truce, however, the fortunes of the State Department began to change. The take-it-or-leave-it approach of Ambassador Lodge in the United Nations mellowed. There was less criticism of American inflexibility as the real difficulties of keeping Syngman Rhee in line while negotiating with the Communists became more apparent. Arthur Dean, Dulles's former law partner in the New York firm of Sullivan & Cromwell, who was sent to Korea as a special ambassador, exhibited much skill and patience in working for the political conference.

Gradually there has emerged a new picture of Dulles as a man of great earnestness dedicated to the bit-by-bit advancement of peace. Dulles understands that any successful foreign policy must have a strong political base. But he has stood up to McCarthy and refused to sanction a policy of browbeating our allies and he

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All this is in an article by Blair Moody, who not only was and is a crack newspaperman, but who was and isn't a Senator. (A Washington correspondent appointed to fill out the term of the deceased Senator Vandenberg.)

It's the most enlightened and enlightening Senate piece we've ever seen, another in the **HOLIDAY** series on great American institutions, another example of **HOLIDAY**'s knack of fitting writer to subject.

* * * * *

Also in the February issue are articles on: *New England Winter, Montego Bay, Nisei Returns, Warm Springs, The New Somerset Maugham, California Snow Boom, Sarasota, The Lost Americans and Baghdad.*

has reaffirmed American support of the UN. He has been willing to take calculated risks. Occasionally he has shown real eloquence, as in his impromptu definition of the test of a successful meeting with the Russians: "Are the Soviets willing to have any fresh breath of freedom touch any part of the area now behind the iron curtain?"

Perhaps the most vulnerable point in foreign policy as conducted by Dulles is the excessive dependence on the European Defense Community. EDC is viewed by Secretary Dulles and by President Eisenhower not as a mere military asset, but as the key to further political and economic unity in Europe. In recent months, however, it has become evident that the growth of NATO, the Europeanization of Germany, and indeed most of American policy toward Europe have been allowed to rest on the ratification of EDC. This has strengthened the hand of the opponents of France, and it has led to the extraordinary inducements the United States now finds it necessary to place before the French Parliament. Even if EDC should be ratified and the tensions of the cold war should recede, Dulles's road will not be smooth.

Humphrey and Wilson

From the beginning Treasury Secretary Humphrey has been the most popular member of the Cabinet. As one economist puts it, "Even when he makes a mistake it is a mistake in judgment rather than an error caused by ignorance." The criticism directed at Humphrey over higher interest rates and restricted credit has subsided as money has become easier. This is the result of Humphrey's effort to employ selective fiscal controls.

Privately Humphrey was emphatic in denouncing the rigid limitation of the national debt, retained at Senator Byrd's insistence, as a barrier that impeded Treasury operations and cost the country money. Apart from his moves to refund the debt on a long-term basis, Humphrey's chief concern has been to approach a balanced budget by bringing down military costs to the point at which the country can support them indefinitely. In this he has had great assistance from Defense Secretary Wilson.

Perhaps Wilson's principal achievement so far is his firm control of the

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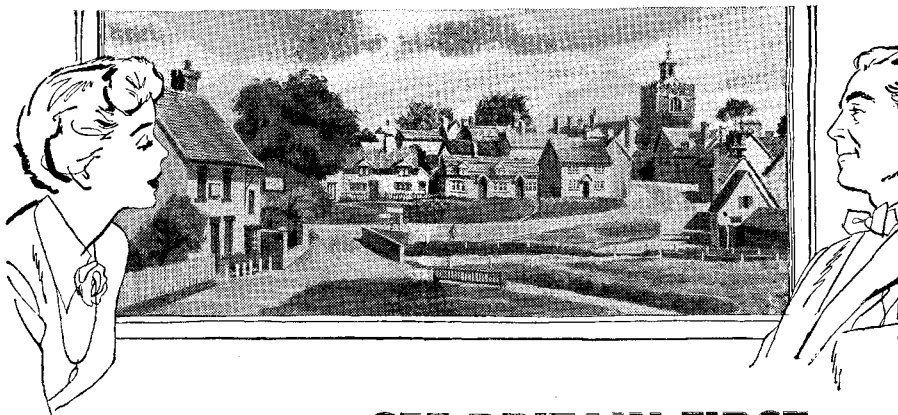
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budgetary process in the Pentagon. Wilson has made clear his determination not to impair combat strength. His plan is to reduce the total of non-combat manpower in conjunction with the new strength figures, emphasizing air power, agreed to by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Many experts who have studied the armed forces agree that there is overstaffing—for example, the Army has the largest "division slice" of supporting troops of any army in the world.

Gradually Wilson too has won a corps of admirers. One of his most engaging traits is his frankness and his willingness to admit that he has been wrong. He has found a valuable asset in Fred Seaton, former Senator from Nebraska, who is the new assistant secretary for information and congressional relations. Seaton, incidentally, is a close confidant of President Eisenhower.

Mood of the Capital

President Eisenhower's call upon principal nations to divert fissionable materials to a UN agency for peaceful development is acclaimed in the Capital as the most significant effort yet to move the international control of atomic energy off dead center. Its great virtue is that it abandons the all-or-nothing formula of the now out-moded Baruch Plan for an approach that takes the easiest part of the problem first.

It does not guarantee control of atomic weapons, but it points the way to coöperation that eventually may bring such a result. It offers new hope for a relaxation of unnecessary atomic secrecy. It also holds the possibility of peaceful development of atomic energy in the free world even without Russian coöperation.

Inadequate access to information is still a complaint against the internal workings of the Eisenhower Administration. President Eisenhower and Secretaries Dulles and Wilson hold regular press conferences. Secretaries Benson and Humphrey and Attorney General Brownell hold occasional background sessions for reporters. But there is no system for regular dissemination of news, and the contact between most Cabinet members and the public is pretty much hit-or-miss. Consequently there is still a premium on "dope" stories, leaks, and rumors.

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American interest in the development of international trade has been stimulated by the studies of the Randall Commission; important, too, is the government's effort to replace foreign loans and grants by private investment abroad. In view of these new potentials for American world trade it is pertinent to call the attention of Atlantic readers to this speech made by Eugene Holman, board chairman of Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), at the annual meeting of the National Foreign Trade Council in November 1953.

BUILDING PROSPERITY THROUGH WORLD TRADE

by EUGENE HOLMAN

Chairman of the Board of Directors

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (NEW JERSEY)

Seldom has there been so much interest in promoting world trade as has been evident recently.

Because of the loss of manpower, wealth and plant, the task of restoring trade after the second World War would have been tremendous even under peaceful conditions. Yet such a favorable condition — an atmosphere of true peace — did not exist. The world was faced with new threats to life and freedom. It became imperative, therefore, to restore trade and to rebuild the economies of other nations not only for humanitarian and commercial reasons, but for the most fundamental of reasons — self-preservation. It was clearly in the interest of the United States to keep the outposts of the free world secure, rather than to withdraw step by step under pressure until, conceivably, we might find ourselves besieged within our own borders. And since military strength cannot be maintained for long except on a base of economic strength, the people of the United States extended large-scale aid to other free nations.

These aid programs were emergency measures, designed to hold the fort until other nations could lay the foundations for economic recovery. That purpose has been generally accomplished and, except for some help in the procurement of military items, it seems to me that these aid programs have largely served their purpose. I think most people agree that, in the long run, the best way for other nations to get dollars is through private trade and investment rather than through large loans and grants-in-aid on a government-to-government basis. It is better for other nations and for us if they stand on their own feet.

There is another reason why foreign trade is important to us. Through a process of historic evolution — resulting partly from the gifts of nature but even more from our form of government and the character of our business system — we are the most highly productive nation in the world. We have reached a point where we not only produce great volumes of goods for our own consumption but, in many lines, can turn out large amounts beyond our own needs.

Trade Is a Two-Way Street

To dispose of such goods realistically entails a two-way process in which we send our goods and services abroad and, in return, receive different goods and services from overseas. There is great benefit to us in such exchanges. When we trade our products for those we do not have, or for those which other people can make more advantageously, we gain by having a wider variety of things to enjoy or by getting goods at lower prices.

Of course our country could maintain a high level of economic activity without a great deal of foreign trade. But just as our present high living standards have resulted from the free exchange of large volumes of goods within our own borders, so can our prosperity be enhanced still further by enlarging the area of our trade.

How can we reduce the roadblocks that now hinder the free world from moving toward an expanding international trade — toward an exchange of goods and services balanced at progressively higher levels?



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Statements made both here and abroad sometimes give an impression that only one roadblock stands in the way of achieving this end — United States tariffs. All would be well, some contend, if our tariffs were reduced or eliminated. This is an unfortunate oversimplification. For tariffs are only a small, though important, part of the whole problem. Our government, other governments, and businessmen here and abroad must develop more liberal policies in *several* fields before international trade and investment will make their potentially greater contributions to people's welfare.

I do not hold the view that we should abolish all tariffs, nor that our present volume of imports is so low that other nations can justly criticize us, nor that our tariffs — with certain exceptions — are outrageously high. I do hold the view that we should move in the direction of reducing tariffs and quota restrictions and simplifying customs procedures.

Present U.S. Policy Lacks Consistency

High on the list of things which our own government should do to foster foreign trade is to act *consistently*. A greater obstacle to foreign trade than any specific United States law or regulations is uncertainty as to how long our laws and regulations will remain on the books unchanged. For example, the uncertainty of our tariff policy, as distinct from the rate of our tariffs at any particular time, is a great deterrent to construction of a plant abroad to supply goods for the American market.

Encouragement of United States private investment abroad has long been regarded as a basic policy and government authorities readily agree to it in principle. Yet actions by our agencies and representatives on occasion have seemed inconsistent with this policy. They have also seemed inconsistent with actions and statements of other United States agencies and representatives affecting foreign trade and investment. The resulting confusion hampers constructive economic and business programs.

Another roadblock to foreign trade is the so-called "Escape Clause" in the Reciprocal Trade Act. Actually this clause has been so administered that, so far as I know, it has not caused any great hardships. But its existence is a deterrent to any foreign businessman who is thinking of conducting a campaign to sell his product in the United States. He may well feel that the more

successful his efforts, the more likely they will be nullified through operation of the Escape Clause. Personally, I should like to see the Reciprocal Trade Act renewed, but certainly neither the Escape Clause nor its counterpart, the Peril Point provision, should be further tightened to protect the few at the expense of the many.

Our government also should review United States tax laws respecting foreign business. These laws frequently handicap American companies operating abroad. Even if there is favorable tax treatment in the foreign country where the business is done, the result is often only an increase in United States taxes when the profits are brought home. Other governments quite understandably ask why they should reduce taxes just so the United States can increase its take.

Where United States companies stand with respect to divergent laws of our own and other countries needs to be clarified. Any responsible American company naturally wants to conduct its business, no matter where, in conformity with our own legal concepts; but companies must conduct their foreign activities in accordance also with the laws and customs of each country in which they operate. This presents serious problems in cases where observance of United States law or custom might require violating the law or custom of the foreign country, or the reverse. These problems have been intensified by the increasing tendency of United States courts and law enforcement agencies to apply the laws of the United States to operations beyond our borders, a tendency which is rightly resented by other nations.

Any course of action proposed for the United States government should be weighed in terms of the national interest as a whole. The full benefits of world trade can never be obtained if a policy which should be truly national in purpose is unduly influenced by domestic special interest groups. Further, a national interest approach is one which other nations can understand. There is nothing contradictory between working for a high level of foreign trade and maintaining the best interests of each participating country. We can and should be entirely frank in asserting our national interest and should welcome frankness in return.

Having looked at conditions in our own house, it is proper to consider actions open to other nations. Naturally, each nation must decide its



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own policies. We in this country must keep from even the appearance of dictating. As friends, however, we can indicate the areas in which we think other governments could take steps to our mutual benefit.

Foreign Countries Must Act, Too

One of the biggest roadblocks to freer world trade erected by some of those governments consists of discriminations against outside industries and traders. Many nations that point to American tariffs as an excuse for inability to trade with us have put up much more formidable barriers against our goods. Systems of quotas, extensive trade prohibitions, bilateralism, and other discriminatory trade practices are cases in point. The excesses that flow from misguided nationalism, such as confiscation of property and the repudiation of contracts honestly entered into and honestly observed, certainly do not encourage trade.

As a result of our own country's high productivity, we have not only large volumes of goods for export but also capital to send abroad. Although American investors are willing to assume normal risks in putting their capital to work overseas, in many instances the risks go far beyond the normal. They involve uncertainty respecting security of property, managerial rights, taxation, and repatriation of invested capital and profits. It is always encouraging to read pronouncements by officials of other governments regarding fair treatment of foreign capital; what is needed more is concrete action.

In this age, all nations look to industrial development as an important means to national strength and better living standards for their peoples. Important as it is, industrial development should not be allowed to get out of balance with other elements of the economy. Pushing industrial development at too fast a pace can disrupt agriculture and foreign trade dependent on it.

Financial Policies Overhauled

Nations can promote economic stability by honest attempts to set their own financial houses in order. This calls for realistic tax systems and equitable distribution of the tax burden. It calls for the use of revenue for developments which will benefit the people generally instead of, for example, impressive but non-productive public improvements. Available foreign exchange should be used to buy necessities before spending for luxuries.

If measures such as those I have mentioned are followed wholeheartedly by many nations, the basis will be established for the removal of what is undoubtedly one of the biggest single roadblocks to expanded world trade — the non-convertibility of currencies. Once currencies become truly convertible, the abilities of all nations to export goods, services, and capital will be tremendously increased. But let us be clear that, desirable as convertibility is, the mechanism will not be really effective unless present regulations which limit rights to acquire and use currencies are revoked at the same time.

The Role of Businessmen

In discussing foreign trade it is inevitable that one should devote much time to the role of governments. As a result one may seem to underestimate the role of businessmen and unwittingly to encourage the trend toward the entry of government into areas which should be the responsibility of private enterprise. Actually, a most powerful force for international understanding and cooperation is the influence of thousands of individual businessmen working directly with the people of other countries.

Of course the mere fact that these innumerable daily relationships take place does not automatically assure that the results will be good. Yet it is encouraging to observe that for many years American businessmen living abroad have been learning the ways and attitudes necessary to bridge the natural gaps between peoples of different traditions and customs. The basis for our businessmen's growing capacity for cooperation has been the rather obvious one of honestly trying to find and emphasize the many things we have in common as opposed to our differences. We are learning to be part of the foreign community, both at the level of the corporation itself and at the level of personal relationships.

Policies which contribute to this desirable state of affairs cover a wide range. They include the careful selection and training of employees who go abroad, the employment and training of nationals, fair employee relations policies, participation in local activities, keeping out of local politics, and knowledge of the language and customs of the country on the part of the expatriate employees.

American business organizations abroad should make continuing effort to inform government officials, employees, and the general public not



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only about company actions and purposes, but about the principles which govern the flow of private investment from the United States. It is not difficult to find government officials in many countries who will agree with American investors that a given policy would be in their nation's interest, but they will point out that they cannot act accordingly and remain in office because of the temper of public opinion. Governments and businessmen can be very helpful here, by seeking to develop understanding and acceptance in other countries of actions essential to an increased flow of American private capital abroad.

Products Designed for American Consumption

Businessmen of other countries wanting to increase their sales in the United States must exert themselves intelligently to that end. We are, today, in what is essentially a buyers' market, and no businessman — American or foreign — is automatically guaranteed a place in it. The success which many foreign manufacturers have had in developing business in our country since the end of the war shows that our tariffs are not always insurmountable. Businessmen of other nationalities will do well to study the American mind and market, and to design their products and sales programs to attract the American consumer.

Public opinion in the United States is extremely important to the framing of policies here which will lead to expansion of foreign trade. It is not sufficient to limit discussion of what the policies should be to legislators and other government officials. Many of them are already well informed about foreign trade problems, but under our representative form of government the decisions of individual lawmakers are rightly influenced by what they believe their constituents back home want to see done. It is necessary, therefore, that a broad program of information be directed to the general public so that a wider understanding and support for sound policies may be won from people throughout the United States.

Even more to the point, is where such informational work can lead. Improving the world economically is a vital job in itself. It is also an essential foundation of something far greater — international political strength. The cooperative, mutually sustaining framework of free nations which we have set before ourselves as a political ideal can only be built by prosperous countries. In the effort to bring about prosperity, therefore, we shall at the same time be making great contributions to international strength and to peace. These are not narrow goals. They are worthy of every bit of effort we can give.



The sea-borne commerce in New York harbor symbolizes the fact that the flow of American-made goods depends upon the ability of manufacturers in other countries to sell their products for dollars.

ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

"Faith and the Scientist"

SIR:

The *Atlantic* is my favorite periodical — so perhaps I am prejudiced; but the December issue is especially appealing and prompts this note of congratulations on a job so well done. The article by George R. Harrison, "Faith and the Scientist," is one of the finest things I have ever read.

H. B. TUKEY

Head, Department of Horticulture
Michigan State College
East Lansing, Mich.

SIR:

A sincere thank-you for George Harrison's article. One hears so often about the incompatibility of the scientific explanation of phenomena and faith in God, when actually the two are not mutually exclusive. The deeper knowledge of the material universe gained through science can and should lead to the realization that so much order in the world can only be the result of a Supreme Intelligence.

NANCY CRECCA
Attleboro, Mass.

SIR:

George Harrison's concise and lucid article stated a position with which I am in entire sympathy. Although I have had some engineering education, I would not feel equipped to evaluate the basic scientific data presented. It is a little disturbing, in terms of evaluating the whole article, to find Dr. Harrison on such insecure ground as when he states, without any substantiation discernible, that "the poorest education for an educator is the study of education."

That generalization seems to be a

very human digression in the direction of using what one does know to substantiate what one would like to be true. "The poorest education for an educator" indicates that among all the varieties of possible education, perhaps including no education at all, the study of education is the least good.

DOUGLAS G. GRAFFLIN
District Principal, Public Schools
Chappaqua, N.Y.

SIR:

Commendation is in order for the article "Faith and the Scientist." The author well illustrates the fact that modern science is tending away from a purely rationalistic viewpoint to one which recognizes the relation between God and nature.

JOAN UNSWORTH
Taunton, Mass.

I Personally —

SIR:

After reading, as I have just done, the very fine and generous article on my work by R. P. Blackmur, which the *Atlantic* published in its December issue, I hope this will not be considered an ungrateful letter. But unhappily Mr. Blackmur, in using, as he does, two or three passages from my autobiographical *Ushant*, in order to "place" me in terms of my own terms, has fallen into a pit that was dug for him by no one but the printer's devil. For, in the crucial passage which he quotes, and out of which he derives his theme, occurs the only flagrant typographical error in that book, one that alters the meaning entirely; and I hope you will agree with me that, for the record, this should

be put right. In the phrase "this radiant narcissism with its passionate need to emphasize and identify," that altogether innocent-looking word "emphasize" is really substituting illegally, alas, for a word with a wholly different meaning — *empathize*. And if this leads Mr. Blackmur a little astray, that is not his fault. But lest a mischievous mistake be put into perpetual motion, I hope you will allow me to point it out.

CONRAD AIKEN
New York City

SIR:

Having graduated only a year ago from what might be called the popular magazines to the *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, and reading of like caliber, "An Editor's Creed" by Frederick Lewis Allen in your December issue rated a number of readings by me.

Readers of the sterling publications mentioned above should note that this sly fellow refers to his colleagues, many of whom contribute to *Harper's*, as "brilliant," and later on — but not much — archly refers to readers of that magazine as being "at least as bright as ourselves."

He goes on to say that you and I, dear reader, are willing to go through some "pretty difficult reading assignments" in order to assimilate "some nugget of thought" or intricate dope on something or other — and, poor fools, I guess we are.

Reading these magazines, I wish sometimes that the editors would, in order to ease the pain suffered by empiric muttonheads like myself, try to steer their more esoteric contributors into giving a sharp illustration on the heels of their brain crackers. Not, cer-

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Bill Asbury is making no complaint about the dirt and discomfort connected with his job or even about the vermin, far more alive on such a child than the child himself. But he is heavy hearted over the many children he can't save for lack of funds.

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tainly, in order to present the matter predigested, but as a springboard from which we can take off, being temporarily winded.

W. A. PRENTICE
Napanea, Ontario

SIR:

Aside from the slightly too cute cover, I thought the December issue of the *Atlantic* was as fine a deal as you have put out in many a long year. The Barzun article was tops, Handlin was excellent; in fact, the whole thing was great, not excluding the beer piece.

ALAN STEINERT
Cambridge, Mass.

"English As She's Not Taught"

SIR:

As a teacher of English to college freshmen, I enjoyed the article "English As She's Not Taught" by Jacques Barzun in your December issue. I wish that I had breath enough to read it aloud to my composition classes!

I do wonder, however, if Mr. Barzun has read the December issue of your magazine with a mental red pencil. In his article, he recommends that, among others, the word "overall" be worked out of our vocabularies, since it means nothing but a "temporary vacancy of mind." Quite so. One must agree.

Then one reads on—and finds Frederick Lewis Allen remarking that he must pay tribute to the mass-circulation magazines and to their "salutary over-all influence." Are we to believe that Mr. Allen suffered from the "temporary vacancy of mind" which Mr. Barzun states is indicated by the use of the word "over-all"?

One is quite confused. Do you suppose Mr. Allen will read Mr. Barzun's article and blush?

No matter to me, however. I subscribe both for *Harper's* and for the *Atlantic*, and each is indispensable, despite any vacancies of mind.

MARGARET LINVILLE
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR:

Those directly concerned with improving the teaching of English can be grateful for "English As She's Not Taught."

However, it is hardly acceptable to place the onus on science for pouring "quantities of awkward new words into the language." Scientists will not bother to adjure, "Quit fakir-

izing with our necessary and precise technical terms!"

Witness all the wonder-working additives to products from cosmetics to bread, suggested in words whose meaning sales managers hope never will be learned!

W. A. HERR, *Principal*
Junior High School
Hazleton, Pa.

SIR:

Grammar was made for man, not man for grammar. English teachers may all go soak their heads if they cannot live with that little fact of life.

While we do not expect professional performance of untalented students, we can expect adequate usage to result from their many hours of instruction. There is a need for better use of language.

Some people make a communications barrier of language rather than a tool for "meeting of minds" — mystics, Communists, lawyers, in fact anyone who tricks us into agreeing to things we do not agree with. It is not faulty grammar that does it. It is a childish delight in deception while sticking to literal truth.

ELSIE M. ROBERTS
Rhodesdale, Md.

SIR:

Those of us who are still burning our way through the underbrush of the Ph.D. system owe a debt of gratitude to Jacques Barzun for "The Ph.D. Octopus" and other writings of solace and charm, but we who are working in linguistics cannot share his heartburnings over "English As She's Not Taught."

We must agree, if we have taught Freshman English, that the average college freshman writes abominably; but this is not entirely the fault of his previous schooling, though from what evidence comes our way we can see much to deplore in the handling of English in the schools. The main problem, rather, lies in the fact that the average freshman is more closely representative of the average teenage American than he ever was before. More representatives of the habitually nonliterate are entering our colleges, and the result is, naturally, graduating classes with a similar representation.

This places a serious stress on those responsible for teaching people to write presentably. Just now we are given a very porous material in great

"I Was Warned About The CATHOLIC CHURCH!"

My relatives and friends were shocked when they heard I was studying to become a Catholic.

With complete sincerity . . . and a genuine concern for my welfare . . . they set out to show me what a terrible mistake this would be. And as I look back now, I realize that if all the things they believed to be true about the Catholic Church were true in fact, I would indeed have been making a great mistake.

But the important fact is, the things they thought to be true were not.

Having been a non-Catholic myself until early manhood, I can understand the viewpoint of these people. And most of them, I realize, are prompted in their beliefs not by malice, but by grievous misunderstanding. And I am reminded of Christ's words to the Apostles: "...yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service" (John 16:2).

They sent me all sorts of pamphlets and tracts condemning the Catholic teaching on the Sacraments, on Baptism, salvation and other topics. There was, in these pamphlets, a remarkable lack of agreement as to the "correct" doctrine. They were in accord only in one thing—their opposition to the Catholic doctrine.

I have come a long way since I first stood off and looked at the Catholic Church through non-Catholic eyes. I am a convert to Catholicism, and I can, with knowledge, reason and fairness, discuss both sides of "The Catholic Question."

I have not, as my non-Catholic friends predicted, lost the slightest degree of religious freedom. I am not held to my faith by bonds of fear or superstition. The Catholic Church does not corrupt the Scriptures . . . does not deprive me of direct access to God . . . does not try to substitute a man-made system for the true religion of Jesus Christ. On the



contrary, it has consistently taught what I am convinced are the true teachings of Jesus.

Not all of those who heard Christ's words from His own lips could believe what He said. Even many of His disciples "...went back, and walked no more with Him" (John 6:67). It would, therefore, be presumptuous of me to think that all who read this will share my conviction that the Catholic Church is "the church of the Living God, the pillar and ground of the truth."

But there are, I know, many sincere, fair-minded people who want to know the Catholic Church as it is—not as it is often misrepresented to be. And for their benefit, I have written a pamphlet discussing many things about the Catholic Faith which most disturb and confuse those on the outside. A copy is yours for the asking. It will come to you in a plain wrapper, and nobody will call on you. Write today for Pamphlet B-43.



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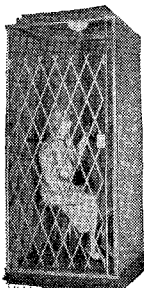
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quantities and expected to work up a high polish when we don't have the machinery (if you'll excuse an over-worked but highly applicable metaphor) to do the job. The old system of teaching English, based upon the memorization of ill-fitting rules and the learning of verbal tabus — resulting in innumerable cases in linguistic neuroses which prevent people from being at ease on paper without adding one jot to their sense of style — seems in large degree to have been separated from the wholesome body of reading and writing which traditionally went with it. All of my worst freshmen know full well that a preposition is not the proper thing to end a sentence with and that "whom" for some mystical reason is socially superior to "who" — but a good third of them a few weeks ago couldn't write a straightforward set of instructions for making a bed.

This is a time of confusion linguistically. The linguist has appeared to announce that many of the old so-called "rules" are hopelessly at variance with the facts of the language, even as it is spoken by educated people. Sometimes he has been lax in giving qualifications to this fact; sometimes his most startling announcement is grabbed naïvely and used as the excuse for license. This causes reactions even among learned men like Mr. Barzun which hamper us in our efforts to replace a tedious and wasteful process of teaching with one based on objectively determined materials. If we could establish such a process, it might be possible to re-establish in high school curricula that "wholesome body of reading and writing" I referred to. I say "might" because I greatly fear that if we do save some time, some jolly "life adjustment" course in how to watch sports or the like will take up the time saved.

REX WILSON

*Department of English
Augustana College
Rock Island, Ill.*

SIR:

I dislike pedagoguese or any other kind of jargon, and welcome Jacques

Barzun's attack on it; yet I feel, because I am so often critical of educational journals, that I should say a word in partial defense of the excerpt from "The English Language Arts" which he quotes, even though I am not acquainted with it.

It is worth noticing, as Barzun does, that the maligned report is addressed to English teachers. These teachers know that "Language Arts" is the designation of a course usually entitled "English" in English-speaking American schools. This new title may be unnecessary, but it is not "perfectly unnecessary," since it does suggest that learning to use the mother tongue is a different process from learning a foreign language. At any rate, "language arts or English" is not nonsense because it does make *some* sense.

"Language arts is" may not "sound like a happy opening," but it is no less happy than "Home economics is her favorite subject; military tactics is his." This should also partly take care of the question about the dikes or barriers between the subject of English and other subjects and explain where the Russian engineer and the amoebas fit in.

And now that I am started, two more points: We all tend to have our pet antipathies, as I am afraid my pupils know. I am with Barzun in condemning "folderize," but what is wrong with "funnel"? I question the accuracy of damning its use as heedlessness and vulgarity. I admit it is not necessary, but how many words are? Newness is not necessarily a vice. (What are unharmed vices?) I "understand perfectly well" (well, almost perfectly) what Professor Barzun means when he says "All precision is quibbling," but I do not admit that to criticize his use of "quibbling" is a quibble. *All* precision is *not* quibbling — either according to the dictionary definition of the word or as the word is commonly used.

I appreciate your publishing such useful and stimulating articles as "English As She's Not Taught" and "The Right to Read Rapidly."

LYRIS HYATT

Bryn Athyn, Pa.

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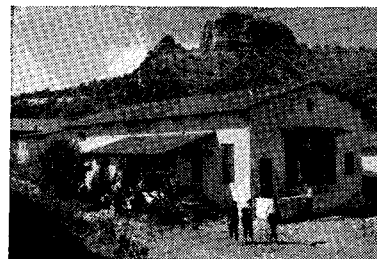
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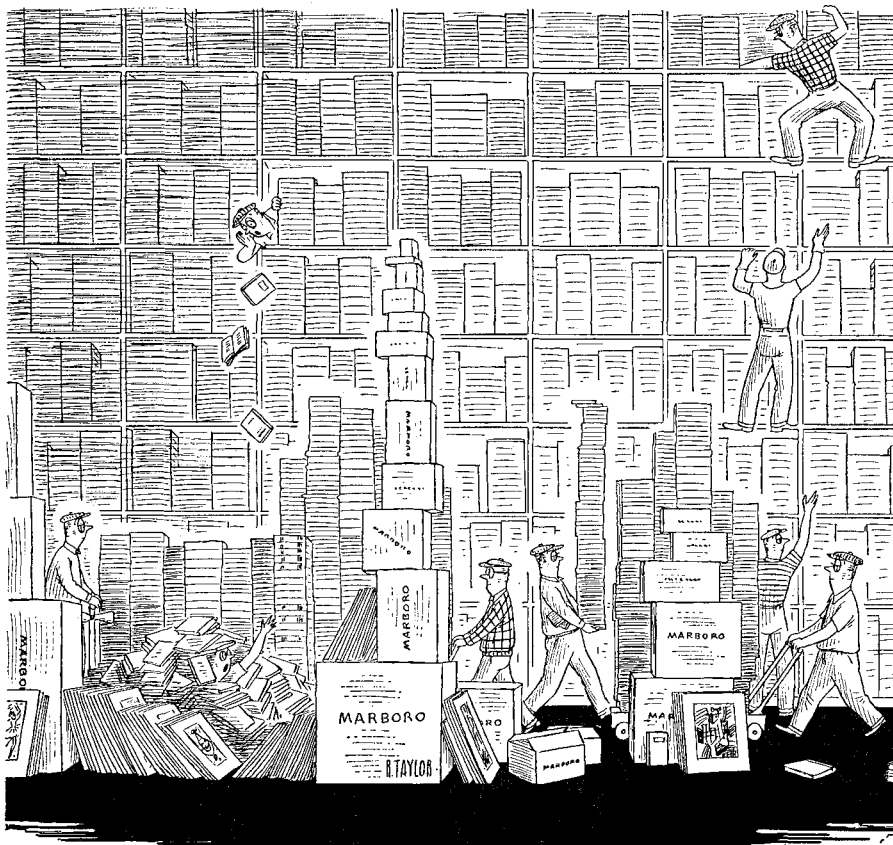
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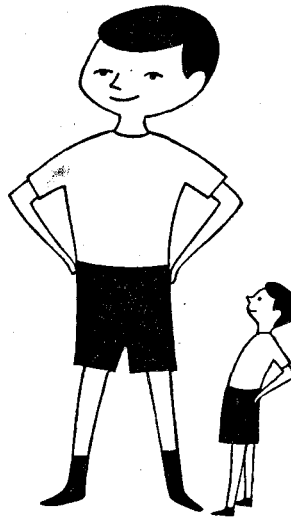
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It is difficult to write a definition of the American way.
But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:

Giant boy



Scientists now foresee that the already dramatic electrical revolution in this country may be only in its infancy.

The giant now appears to be a boy, with most of his weighty growth still ahead. When such fantastic gains have already been made—in lights, turbines, electronics, TV, radio, electrically powered ships, trains, factories, homes—where can the imagination possibly go from here? What are some of the predictions?

Take a personal thing first. Millions of homes will have heat pumps to heat and cool automatically—using electricity for fuel.

You can expect to cook food someday by electronics—in seconds. Electrical incinerators will consume your waste paper and waste food. Dust will be taken from the air electrically. The day may come when TV screens hang like pictures on the wall, with only a tiny wire to the set.

Nuclear fuels are on the timetable of the scientists.

Energy from the atom will eventually be a major source of power, regardless of whether fossil fuels are seriously depleted. By century's end, most new plants generating electricity will operate with atomic (fission) fuel. Aircraft, battleships, and the like will measure fuel consumption in grams.

What would converting sea water to fresh, at low cost, be worth to drought-deviled seaboard cities? This is possible and will be worth billions to the public. Storing heat from the sun is another long-range project of scientists.

As simply as we can say it, we are beginning, not ending, an era of possibilities involving the health, comfort, welfare and defense of the nation.

The year 2000 looks big and distant. Actually it is only 46 years away. By then, any puny prognostications made today will have been rewritten many times. But larger. Electricity has always been a field where each new fact generates many more things new. The years should be interesting to watch.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

to publications on the manifold branches of this science, and some of its connoisseurs have learned from it how to be and not to be at the same time: they can apparently revel in the emotions of tropical fishing by simply taking out the right subscriptions. At that point, I admit I am no longer sure what true reverberation is. The barracuda certainly reverberates in my ears when I go and visit a particular stay-at-home friend.

Then let us get out of the city. But suppose I have no country house or farm, and I do not want to visit friends. Such is the lot of thousands. Well, there is the summer hotel located, precisely, in those mountains, on that lake, by those streams that we have access to. Here surely is America at play, vacationing, seeing the world. It is inspiring and sad, worthy of respect for its friendliness and decorum, but somehow not quite restful enough.

There is the scenery, grandiose or consoling, young as the first day. The expression "as old as the hills" is absurd here — what date has our landscape if people are not there to date it with their clothes? Why, the hotel is visibly much older than the hills — a long three-story wooden structure painted a dirty gray, with rocking chairs on the side porch, and the mail desk almost as you enter. The rooms are clean and spacious and there is a coil of rope under the window by way of fire escape. A sprinkler system was installed ten years ago, but in drought summers it has to be disconnected. The food is plain, solid, and edible, though it doesn't make you kiss your finger tips. The residents are very much like the food, very proper and solid and fundamentally good. They come for two — three weeks or two — three months and most of them come year after year. That is how the routine got clamped down on the place and why it begins molding the newcomer as soon as he has unpacked.

The middle-aged men go off after breakfast and lunch to the golf club ten miles away or to the fishing pools all over. The women are left to knit, gossip, or write letters in the morning and play bridge in the afternoon. Men and women together play bridge in the evening. That is the woof. The warp consists in the "attractions" of the place, the expeditions. There are five climbs and six walks, but it is virtually impossible (that is, antisocial) to go on them alone. Arranging the party is obviously the main source of everybody's pleasure. There is a protocol of Chinese intricacy about it. Seniority and specialization decide who chooses the route, the sandwiches, and the order of march. Inevitably somebody makes a *faux pas* and feelings are hurt. At which point, a short stout woman with scant hair the color of shrimps makes it her business to keep the incident alive for the rest of the summer. She is the same who, in the interests of all, communicates in confidence her doubts as to the real occupation of Mr. A and the real age of Mrs. B.

Yet it would be wrong to suppose anyone guilty

of intentional meanness. In the face of an accident you would see all these people touchingly affectionate and tactful — as happened the summer a young couple lost their four-year-old boy by drowning. It is plain living, not social graces, that these people have an instinct for; their love of nature bears witness to it. The bird watchers, who are unionized and sternly led, avoid all human broils. They get up at dawn and tread secret paths. (One keeps overhearing the name "Wildwood.") And at some point in the season come "The Alpine Pedestrians," a famous group who travel by car and rail to certain chosen spots which they proceed to conquer, for the record.

To betray a mild indifference to any of these energetic aims is of course to court open reproof. What! No bridge, no golf, no fish, no binocular birding? The feeling for community action is very strong. As you walk into the parlor you will hear one earnest white-haired woman challenge another to take up Canasta — and soon — "or what will you do, dear, when your husband slips away from you?" A taste for solitary strolling seems odd. Perhaps you're unhappy and ought to be "taken out of yourself." Out of sheer sense of duty some good soul will make a point of drawing you in, and then you must respond — coöperate.

The only group entitled to their separate pursuits are the young. Hotel society leaves them alone, confident that they are swimming, playing tennis, or courting. In fact there aren't very many young people at hotels, except on the kitchen staff — college boys and girls earning money by waiting on table. They feel and act as your equals if not your superiors, and if they like you, they will rope you into their undertakings, middle-aged though you are. By the end of the first dance of the season, they'll call you by your first name and at Christmas send you a greeting card. It is all very sweet, but as you thread your way through the mixture of codes and cultures, you may be pardoned for wondering where the refreshing influences came in, except through the eyes.

2

PEOPLE who care less for gentility manage things better. They don't bother to leave the arid city but spend their surplus there on pastimes they can enjoy without feeling cramped. They follow boxing and wrestling, burlesque and vaudeville (when available), professional football and hockey. Above all, they thrill in unison with their fellow men the country over by watching baseball. The gods decree a heavyweight match only once in a while and a national election only every four years, but there is a World Series with every revolution of the earth around the sun. And in between, what varied pleasure long drawn out!

Whoever wants to know the heart and mind of

America had better learn baseball, the rules and realities of the game — and do it by watching first some high school or small-town teams. The big league games are too fast for the beginner and the newspapers don't help. To read them with profit you have to know a language that comes easy only after philosophy has taught you to judge practice. Here is scholarship that takes effort on the part of the outsider, but it is so bred into the native that it never becomes a dreary round of technicalities. The wonderful purging of the passions that we all experienced in the fall of '51, the despair groaned out over the fate of the Dodgers, from whom the league pennant was snatched at the last minute, give us some idea of what Greek tragedy was like. Baseball is Greek in being national, heroic, and broken up in the rivalries of city-states.

And that it fitly expresses the powers of the nation's mind and body is a merit separate from the glory of being the most active, agile, varied, articulate, and brainy of all group games. It is of and for our century. Tennis belongs to the individualistic past — a hero, or at most a pair of friends or lovers, against the world. The idea of baseball is a team, an outfit, a section, a gang, a union, a cell, a commando — in short, a twentieth-century setup of opposite numbers.

Baseball takes its mystic nine and scatters them wide. A kind of individualism thereby returns, but it is limited — eternal vigilance is the price of victory. Just because they're far apart, the outfield can't dream or play she-loves-me-not with daisies. The infield is like a steel net held in the hands of the catcher. He is the psychologist and historian for the staff — or else his signals will give the opposition hits. The value of his headpiece is shown by the ironmongery worn to protect it. The pitcher, on the other hand, is the wayward man of genius, whom others will direct. They will expect nothing from him but virtuosity. He is surrounded no doubt by mere talent, unless one excepts that transplanted acrobat, the shortstop. What a brilliant invention is his role despite its exposure to ludicrous lapses! One man to each base, and then the free lance, the trouble-shooter, the movable feast for the eyes, whose motion animates the whole foreground.

The rules keep pace with this imaginative creation so rich in allusions to real life. How excellent, for instance, that a foul tip muffed by the catcher gives the batter another chance. It is the recognition of Chance that knows no argument. But on the other hand, how just that the third strike must not be dropped. This points to the fact that near the end of any struggle, life asks for more than is needful in order to clinch success. A victory has to be won, not snatched. We find also our American innocence in calling "World Series" the annual games between the winners in each big league. The world doesn't know or care and couldn't compete if

it wanted to, but since it's us children having fun, why, the world is our stage. I said baseball was Greek. Is there not a poetic symbol in the new meaning — our meaning — of "Ruth hits Homer"?

Once the crack of the bat has sent the ball skimming toward second, between the infielder's legs, six men converge or distend their defense to keep the runner from advancing along the prescribed path. The ball is not the center of interest as in those vulgar predatory games like football, basketball, or polo. Man running is the force to be contained. His getting to first or second base starts a capitalization dreadful to think of: every hit pushes him on. Bases full and a homer make four runs, while the defenders, helpless without the magic power of the ball lying over the fence, cry out their anguish and dig up the sod with their spikes.

But fate is controlled by the rules. Opportunity swings from one side to the other because innings alternate quickly, keep up spirit in the players, interest in the beholders. So does the profusion of different acts to be performed — pitching, throwing, catching, batting, running, stealing, sliding, signaling. Hits are similarly varied. Flies, Texas Leaguers, grounders, baseline fouls — praise God the human neck is a universal joint! And there is no set pace. Under the hot sun, the minutes creep as a deliberate pitcher tries his drops and curves for three strikes called, or conversely walks a threatening batter. But the batter is not invariably a tailor's dummy. In a hundredth of a second there may be a hissing rocket down right field, a cloud of dust over first base — the bleachers all a-yell — a double play, and the other side up to bat.

Accuracy and speed, the practiced eye and hefty arm, the mind to take in and readjust to the unexpected, the possession of more than one talent and the willingness to work in harness without special orders — these are the American virtues that shine in baseball. There has never been a good player who was dumb. Beef and bulk and mere endurance count for little, judgment and daring for much. Baseball is among group games played with a ball what fencing is to games of combat. But being spread out, baseball has something sociable and friendly about it that I especially love. It is graphic and choreographic. The ball is not shuttling in a confined space, as in tennis. Nor does baseball go to the other extreme of solitary whanging and counting stopped on the brink of pointlessness, like golf. Baseball is a kind of collective chess with arms and legs in full play under sunlight.

The team is elegance itself in its striped knee breeches and loose shirts, colored stockings and peaked caps. Except for brief moments of sliding, you can see them all in one eyeful, unlike the muddy hecatombs of football. To watch a football game is to be in prolonged neurotic doubt as to what you're seeing. It's more like an emergency happening at a distance than a game. I don't wonder the spectators

take to drink. Who has ever seen a baseball fan drinking within the meaning of the act? He wants all his senses sharp and clear, his eyesight above all. He gulps down soda pop, which is a harmless way of replenishing his energy by the ingestion of sugar diluted in water and colored pink.

Happy the man in the bleachers. He is enjoying the spectacle that the gods on Olympus contrived only with difficulty when they sent Helen to Troy and picked their teams. And the gods missed the fun of doing this by catching a bat near the narrow end and measuring hand over hand for first pick. In Troy, New York, the game scheduled for 2 P.M. will break no bones, yet it will be a real fight between Southpaw Dick and Red Larsen. For those whom civilized play doesn't fully satisfy, there will be provided a scapegoat in a blue suit — the umpire, yell-proof and even-handed as justice, which he demonstrates with outstretched arms when calling "Safe!"

And the next day in the paper: learned comment, statistical summaries, and the verbal imagery of meta-euphoric experts. In the face of so much joy, one can only ask, Were you there when Dogface Joe parked the pellet beyond the pale?

3

IF I like the speed of baseball, I should also like the circus. Am I not an American, whose early memories of the oncoming of summer include the arrival of Ringling Brothers to town? The trouble is — and this differs from ordinary likes and dislikes — I have never become reconciled to the circus. It spells to me the dark side of life. Whereas baseball shows me man moving freely and adroitly, the circus shows me man enslaved — like the other animals. I see freaks, real or contrived. I gape at the clown's contortions; I laugh hysterically at his perpetual catastrophes. But I don't really know why I must laugh at his disfigurement. Isn't it also my own? Am I to be put on good terms with myself by pretending that his antics have sopped up all the misfortune, clumsiness, and disproportion there is? No: on all this I agree completely with Huckleberry Finn who said: "It warn't funny to me, though."

Besides, the smell of bread earned under duress clings to every element of the circus. I love trapeze work and feats of horsemanship, but under the tent they fill me with despair. I want to cry when I hear "Alley oop!" and see the tinselly tights and the challenging smiles. The master of ceremonies seems to enjoy himself, but I have a nervous feeling he's going to be arrested as a bogus duke. And isn't it here, in the barker's lies, that advertising fraud and false promises have their ancestral source? The pickpockets inside merely carry out the theme.

I also feel it in my bones that the animals come

straight from the Coliseum at Rome — who would have thought of them as a show except by the old association of wild beasts with Christians? But now the poor brutes haven't the consolation of eating us. I am no great lover of animals, but I don't want elephants to travel in boxcars on torrid days, and I cheer for the one who broke away the other summer and lay down for twenty minutes in a busy square. Nothing could budge him, and I wish his name had been Gulliver, to re-enact the proof of his contempt for us Lilliputians. So don't take me to the circus: I'm liable to do myself in with an overdose of Crackerjack. . . .

So much for the eyes. The pleasure of ear and mind, with us, is sought in that old favorite pastime of Americans — the lecture. Since true platform magnetism is rare — even politicians are not the spellbinders they used to be — we have to accept, here too, the conventional substitutes: the man who was there when it happened, the housewife who swam the Channel, the visiting fireman or acquitted murderess. We are the greatest lecture-gobblers in the world, and this without harm, because we have intuitively found out that a large dose is better than a small one. Always attend a series of lectures. One neutralizes the other and all are eliminated together. The only care to be observed is to alternate between acid and alkaline subjects — world affairs (very acid), art and literature (practically pure bicarb).

But the supply always threatens to run short. How can it keep pace when nearly every organized group regardless of purpose, every school board and museum and club, decides that in addition to publishing a bulletin it must hold lectures? The reason is, there must be something to show for the \$6.50 annual dues. I have before me a solicitation to join which says: "Magazine and lectures for life — One hundred dollars." For life, mind you — a sentence I for one would want commuted to capital punishment.

If Americans get thoroughly lectured, it is because so many of us write books. This is no paradox. The physician who from a sense of public duty writes *The Doctor Looks You Over*, and sees it turn into a best seller, finds that he is swamped with invitations to lecture. People want to see what he looks like, how he talks, and whether his opinions are the same as those of the author of the book. Drama critics, novelists, political writers, and latterly poets are in great demand to feed a curiosity that is by no means contemptible and far from uninformed. It is encouraging, for behind it, surely, is the laudable desire to persuade ourselves that the books being talked of, the ideas in the air, have come out of human heads, preferably distinct and attractive ones, and not some machine made up of sad lads with a technique.



A poet whose perception and generous encouragement have meant so much to younger writers in this country and in England, DR. EDITH SITWELL stood in a special relationship toward Dylan Thomas. She sprang to his defense when, a poet of twenty-two, he was under heavy attack by the London critics. They met and became friends that winter; and from the first she believed that he was one of the rarest and most gifted of our time. To support his wife and three children, Dylan Thomas made occasional ventures into broadcasting, scenario writing, and storytelling. But his Collected Poems, published by New Directions in 1953, is his enduring monument. We are grateful to Dr. Sitwell for this authoritative and affectionate appraisal of his work.

DYLAN THOMAS

by EDITH SITWELL

ONE of the greatest poets of the present age, Dylan Thomas, died on November 9. He was but thirty-nine in October, his poetry was increasing in splendor. His loss to poetry and to his true friends is not to be borne.

In the year 1934, Mr. Mark Goulden (then managing editor of the *Sunday Referee*, now the managing director of Messrs. W. H. Allen) instituted in that paper a "Poets Corner" for the purpose of introducing and encouraging hitherto unknown poets. The feature was conducted by Mr. Victor Neuberg. Manuscript poems arrived from a boy of twenty, living in Swansea. These were already of such astonishing quality that Mr. Goulden and Mr. Neuberg invited the boy, Dylan Thomas, to London, and in due course he arrived at the *Sunday Referee* office. To these gentlemen we must ever be grateful.

They were indeed good friends to him. They published (in conjunction with the Parton Bookshop, owned by Mr. David Archer) the poet's first book — *Eighteen Poems*. Mr. Goulden declares that though a certain number of copies were sent for review, not a solitary critic mentioned the book, as far as he can remember. I do not know exactly when Dylan Thomas's poems appeared in Mr. Geoffrey Grigson's magazine *New Verse*, but I do know that valuable work was done by that magazine in publishing Dylan Thomas's early work, as it published also the poems of W. H. Auden and Stephen Spender.

But Dylan Thomas's outward life as a poet was not, at first, in spite of his (very few) champions, easy. Following the publication of his second book, a furious attack on him developed in letters addressed to one of the two principal London news-

papers. It was my privilege and pride to give the attackers, during two months, more than as good as they gave. The air still seems to reverberate with the wooden sound of numskulls being soundly hit.

I have no memory, and keep no diary, and so, though the occasion was supremely important to me, I cannot remember the exact date of our first meeting — knowing only that it was before the attack. I had reviewed his second book, and had written to him; so when I arrived in London he came to see me. It seems to me now, though I am so much his senior, that he and his great poetry were always a part of my life.

Poetry is, to some degree, the etheric body of the poet (though to some degree only) — so I will try to describe him physically.

He was not tall, but was extremely broad, and gave an impression of extraordinary strength, sturdiness, and superabundant life. (His reddish-amber curls, strong as the curls on the brow of a young bull, his proud; but not despising, bearing, emphasized this.) Mr. Augustus John's portrait of him is beautiful, but gives him a cherubic aspect, which, though pleasing, does not convey, to the present writer at least, Dylan's look of archangelic power.

In full face he looked much as William Blake must have looked as a young man. He had full eyes — like those of Blake — giving at first the impression of being unseeing, but seeing all, looking over immeasurable distances.

I have never known anyone more capable of endearing himself to others. And this was not only the result of his great warmth, charm, and touching funniness. I have never known anyone with a more holy and childlike innocence of mind. The exuberance of his strong physique, of his strong physical

life, never marred or blurred that. He loved humanity, and had contempt only for the cruel, the unkind (these are not always identical), and the mean. He was most generous in his enthusiasms and most loyal in his friendships. Alas, that some of the people who crowded round him were unworthy of that noble nature. But these I will leave to their shame. For he is dead. And there is nothing to be done.

When still very young, he married Caitlin Macnamara, the beautiful girl who was the love of his short life. Their mutual love was most touching and beautiful to see. Not long ago, having supper with me after a Poet's Reading in London, he looked across the table at his young wife, with her light bright sparkling hair that seemed to hold all the color of a spring day, her wild-rose cheeks and dancing blue eyes, and exclaimed to me, "Isn't she beautiful! *Isn't she beautiful!* From the first moment I saw her, she has been the only one. There never has been, there never will be, anyone but her." On another occasion, the last time I saw him before he died, he was going to America, and she was unhappy because he was going so far away. He said to me, "Tell her, when I am gone, how much I love her." And so now, when he has gone very far away, I do. There was never anyone but her.

He had a speaking voice of the utmost magnificence, range, and beauty, and his speaking of poetry was as sublime as was his writing of poetry. The "Lions and fires of his flying breath," to use a phrase of his own, were such that all pride, all light, walked in the lives that, speaking, he made his own. To hear him read Blake's "The Tiger," to hear him read his own poetry, was a revelation. It was a great pride to me to hear him read my own poetry.

I think it was Whitman who said that "even in religious fervor there is always a touch of animal heat." Both religious fervor and animal heat were in his poetry, to the highest degree. His poetry was the "pure fire compressed into holy forms" of which one of Porphyry's Oracles spoke. The generation of those poems was attended by "the great heat" that Aristotle said "attended the generation of lions." To him, blood was spirit.

His was a language "fanned by the breath of Nature, which leaps overhead, cares mostly for impetus and effects, and for what it plants and invigorates to grow." (Whitman: Notebooks.) He strips from words their old, used, dulling sleepiness, and gives them a refreshed and awakened meaning, a new percussion.

As I said in my review of his *Collected Poems*, in the New York *Herald Tribune* (March 10, 1953), his voice resembles no other voice; the spirit is that of the beginning of created things; there is here no case of a separate imagination, of

invention. From the depths of Being, from the roots of the world, a voice speaks. He might have been, indeed no doubt was, actually writing himself in the lines,

I, in a wind on fire, from green Adam's cradle,
No man more magical.

To him, as to Boehme, "the sap in the tree denoteth pure Deity." He loved and praised

the force that through the green fuse drives the flower,
and the

. . . . animals thick as thieves
On God's rough tumbling grounds
(Hail to His beasthood!).

(Dylan saw the world as a rough tumbling ground, as a ground for joy and the holy wars of the Spirit.)

With him, all is prayer and praise. Poetry to him is prayer. "When we pray," said the Curé d'Ars, "we should open our heart to God, like a fish when it sees the wave coming." "I am so placed and submerged in his great love, that I seem as though in the sea entirely under water, and can on no side touch, see, or feel anything but water." So said Saint Catherine of Genoa. And so might have spoken Dylan Thomas. But then, as I have said many times, the experiences of the saint and of the great poet are related.

His earliest poems are of great strangeness, containing such lines as

Altarwise by owl-light in the half-way house
The gentleman lay graveward with his furies;

and

I am the long world's gentleman, he said,
And share my bed with Capricorn and Cancer.

and

What is the metre of the dictionary?
The size of genesis? the short spark's gender?
Shade without shape? the shape of Pharaoh's echo?
(My shape of age nagging the wounded whisper).
Which sixth of wind blew out the burning gentry?

(In many of these early poems, the awe-inspiring shadow of Death falls across our path, tall as the world.)

From the obscure beauty of those early poems, Dylan Thomas went to the miraculous concentration of meaning and expression of such lines as

A grief ago,

to the utter poignance of these lines from "In the White Giant's Thigh": —

Through throats where many rivers meet, the curlews cry,
Under the conceiving moon, on the high chalk hill,
And there this night I walk in the white giant's thigh
Where barren as boulders women lie longing still

To labour and love though they lay down long ago.

(Yes, I think that Dylan must always have known that he would die young.)

In William James's *Principles of Psychology*, he quotes Condillac as saying "the first time we see light, we are it rather than see it." In my *Poet's Notebook* I have a quotation about a painter who paints a tree, becoming a tree. This condensation of essence, this power of "becoming a tree," is one of the powers that make Dylan Thomas a great poet. His poems, at first sight, may appear strange. But if we heard a tree speak to us in its own voice, would not that voice appear strange?

The dear and heavenly innocence that was in his character shows in all his poems about youth, about

... the wild boys innocent as strawberries
and about

..... a child's
Forgotten mornings when he walked with his mother
Through the parables
Of sun light

And the legends of the green chapels

And the twice told fields of infancy
That his tears burned my cheeks and his heart moved
in mine.

These were the woods the river and sea
Where a boy
In the listening
Summertime of the dead whispered the truth of his joy
To the trees and the stones and the fish in the tide.

And the mystery
Sang alive
Still in the water and singingbirds.

And there could I marvel my birthday
Away but the weather turned around. And the true
Joy of the long dead child sang burning
In the sun.

("Poem in October")

All his poems, those that are simple, those that
are more difficult, are of an extraordinary beauty,
matched by an equal innocence and holiness.

The beauty ranges from that of

..... I know
No answer to the children's cry
Of echo's answer and the man of frost
And ghostly comets over the raised fists.

to that of

..... my ruffled ring dove
.....
Coo rooing the woods' praise,
Who moons her blue notes from her nest
Down to the curlew herd!

(How exquisite, how exact! You see the misty softness of the sweet dove's feathers, you hear the misty softness of her cooing)

—or to the different but miraculous beauty of
"Fern Hill," from which I will quote the first two
verses:—

Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs
About the lilting house and happy as the grass was green,
The night above the dingle starry,
Time let me hail and climb

Golden in the heydays of his eyes,
And honoured among wagons I was prince of the apple
towns

And once below a time I lordly had the trees and leaves
Trail with daisies and barley
Down the rivers of the windfall light.

And as I was green and carefree, famous among the barns
About the happy yard and singing as the farm was home,
In the sun that is young once only,

Time let me play and be
Golden in the mercy of his means,
And green and golden I was huntsman and herdsman,
the calves

Sang to my horn, the foxes on the hill barked clear and
cold,

And the sabbath rang slowly
In the pebbles of the holy streams.

Sometimes, with Dylan Thomas, as with certain
other great poets, a phrase will mean two things —
both equally true. When Shakespeare wrote

Men have died from time to time and worms have
eaten them, but not for love

it is possible he may have meant both "Men have
died, but not for love," and "Worms have eaten
them, but not for love."

Take Dylan Thomas's "We Lying by Seasand."
This, like many another poem, is all things to all
men. It is not the poet's possession only — it is ours
to live in.

The poem moves on two levels, that of the day
and that of eternity. All is transmuted, made beau-
tiful — the red rivers of the blood, the "hollow
alcove of words" and of echoes are stilled.

The two lovers lie, in a silence of love, between
the image of life — the wandering, ever-changing
sea — and the image of Death, "the strata of the
shore" — (the lives, perhaps, of those who have
gone before) — "the red rock," and time, that is
identified with the sand, —

..... the grains as they hurry
Hiding the golden mountains and mansions
Of the grave, gay, seaside land.

These lovely lines have two significances: the
grave one, that of the actual mountains and man-
sions, made golden to the young people by the light
of the sun and of their love, and soon to be over-
whelmed by the sands of Time; and the gay one,
that of the mountains and castles made by the chil-
dren at the edge of the sea, and soon to be swept
away.

"The heavenly music over the sand" sighs to the
young people of those yellow grains, and of the
wandering faithless sea; but Time is no longer ter-
rible to them.

The poem is of great beauty, both in image and sound. The phrase "the lunar silences" seems to hold the sea's light in it. And the sound of the poem is like that of "the heavenly music over the sand." It changes like the sea airs, moves with the beauty of waves. So the lovers

Lie watching yellow until the golden weather
Breaks, O my heart's blood, like a heart and hill.

Though he, as I think, felt, perhaps dreaded the conquering hand of Time, and knew that he must die young, he defied, always, death and the world's dust: —

A cock-on-a-dunghill
Crowing to Lazarus the morning is vanity,
Dust be your saviour under the conjured soil.

His pity for the outcast, his love for those who have received no mercy from life, are great.

I see the tigrion in tears
In the androgynous dark,
His striped and noon maned tribe striding to holocaust,
The she mules bear their minotaurs,
("Unluckily for a Death")

He whose undying love for his wife and whose impetus to poetry were one and the same — he who had walked

. . . . in the cool of your mortal garden
With immortality at my side like Christ the sky
(*Ibid.*)

declared that

All love but for the full assemblage in flower
Of the living flesh is monstrous or immortal,
And the grave its daughters.
(*Ibid.*)

His was the warmth of the spring that loves and forgives mankind, that speaks of immortality. His was the warmth of the common heart: —

In my craft or sullen art
Exercised in the still night
When only the moon rages
And the lovers lie abed
With all their griefs in their arms,
I labour by singing light
Not for ambition or bread
Or the strut and trade of charms
On the ivory stages
But for the common wages
Of their most secret heart.

A poet, even the best, is the most meagerly rewarded of all modern writers. A Fund is now being raised in London and in America for Mr. Thomas's widow and their three children. The Atlantic will be glad to forward the contributions of those readers who are in sympathy; checks should be made out to The Dylan Thomas Fund.

Not for the proud man apart
From the raging moon I write
On these spindrift pages
Nor for the towering dead
With their nightingales and psalms
But for the lovers, their arms
Round the griefs of the ages,
Who pay no praise or wages
Nor heed my craft or art.

In that great poem, "A Refusal to Mourn the Death, by Fire, of a Child in London," with its dark, magnificent, proud movement, we see Death in its reality — as a return to the beginning of things, as a robing, a sacred investiture in those who have been our friends since the beginning of Time: —

The grains beyond age, the dark veins of her mother.

(Earth, her mother.) Bird, beast, and flower have their part in the making of mankind.

And I must enter again the round
Zion of the water bead
And the synagogue of the ear of corn.

(The water drop is holy, the wheat ear a place of prayer.) The "fathering and all humbling darkness" itself is a begetting force. Even grief, even tears, are a begetting. "The stations of the breath" are the Stations of the Cross.

With what unalterable sadness, now, does one read these lines to his dying father: —

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Alas, that he who caught and sang the sun in flight, yet was the sun's brother, and never grieved it on its way, should have left us with no good-by, good night.

I cannot believe that he is dead. It was not until I began this tribute of love to the ever-young, undying Dylan in his grave, that I began to realize that I shall never hear that golden speaking voice, that voice of the lion, the eagle, the dove, the sun, again. But I, too, must not

. . . blaspheme down the stations of the breath

.
After the first death, there is no other.



An Atlantic Story



An American novelist of Norwegian stock, NORMAN MATSON tells us that he was born in the shadow of a factory in an industrial town in the Middle West and raised in a working-class district of San Francisco. After a short tour in railroading, he turned to journalism, working on California labor newspapers. He moved East from paper to paper, landing eventually in New York, where in 1926 he published his first novel, a fantasy entitled Flecker's Magic, which was appreciatively reviewed by E. M. Forster.

THE TROUPER

by NORMAN MATSON

MY BROTHER brought this dog from Haight Street. "He seemed to be waiting for somebody," my brother said, "and he'd go up to every man who came out of the Gold Bar Saloon, but when I came along he followed me right to our door: he thinks I own him."

The dog was thin and dirty; he seemed to have some sort of infection in his eyes. Most of his fuzzy face was dirty. My mother said, "Harry, we can't have that sick dog here. He's old, Harry."

My brother, who was nine, looked astonished.

"Because he's sick and lonesome we throw him out to starve to death? Is that our family?"

"We'll feed him," Mother said. "But I don't want to touch him. Goodness knows what he's been in. He'll have to be bathed. Will you bathe him?"

"Sure, I'll wash him," Harry said, but he looked sick.

"Not in the bathtub," Mother said.

My mother was looking at this small dog. He was sitting down, watching Harry. Harry patted his head, stroked his filthy matted neck. He moved an inch closer.

"He was lost," Harry said, and then he became silent, waiting because he didn't want the sudden tears to run down his cheeks. "I think if he was clean, even though he's ugly he would seem like a good dog. And tomorrow we could find the owner, put up a card in the Gold Bar and the Vienna Bakery, and so forth: Lost Dog so and so and so. It's cold as the dickens outdoors, Mother, where would he sleep? He'd wait outside our front door all night long because he thinks he found me."

So this dog was washed, in the bathtub: we three older children, myself, my brother, and my oldest sister, agreed to that because she said after we could rinse the tub out with a sterilizing "Carbolic Solution" — her scientific note somehow set things in order. And, of course, Mother did the washing, after all. Harry was so inexpert. "You've got soap in his eyes, poor little dog," Mother said. "It hurts him, too. You make a great noise when you get soap in your eyes, and he's got sore eyes, poor fellow. He's so good!"

He wasn't like any dog I ever saw before or since about bathing. He was not surprised or outraged: he was like, well more like an elephant — he just stood, eyes closed, and took it, not trying to get over the edge and down. But an elephant about as big as a cat. Mother said he was starving and that nobody was to feed him between meals or he would die of sudden indigestion. So he was fed in the kitchen and Mother folded up a piece of quilt in a low box under the kitchen table for him, letting Harry put it there because it was his dog — except my father owned him, too. My father was on the night shift at this time and doesn't really count much in this dog's biography though he came to approve of him and even be proud of him. We were all surprised that Porto, this dog, turned out to be all white and curly. He was a small poodle, the only black on him was his nose, and his teeth were queer, broken — some were gone and some discolored.

"Poor old dog," Mother said.

"He had some kinda accident or a sickness," Harry said. "He isn't old, Mother, you can see

the way he goes along with me he's kinda a young dog — and he's a pretty dog, after all, the way I said at first."

Mother, a small woman with black hair, kept looking at her children when they talked to her as though she were trying to realize they were there, and were hers. She heard her youngest son and gazed and laughed at him. "Harry," she said, "you thought he was as ugly as we all thought he was. What kind of dog do you think he is? Maybe a poodle, only they are bigger, aren't they?"

Harry said, "He's a kind of special kind of dog. When you wash him, he lets you. When he wants water he brings his pan and lays it down in front of you. When you say no he stops, and sits. I have to be even careful not to say no to him. It makes me feel terrible."

By that time Porto, of course, belonged to the family, and though we had inquired around and everybody along Haight Street knew we had this dog, nobody made any claims. He was a small poodle. Some friend or some expert told us that. The eye infection went away. He didn't smell very good, though. He had a bad breath, poor Porto, and Mother soon found out the milk and soup-softened mixture he, and his bad teeth, liked best. Porto was our name for him from the first. I've forgotten why, though I'm afraid it is a mispronunciation of Sport from my youngest sister, then four years old. What Porto's name really was we never learned.

2

I DON'T think dogs are "puzzled" in the sense of one of us facing a problem that is layers, some inward, some outward — but a dog, poor creature, when puzzled, is always puzzled simply, utterly; he deals only with God Almighty and never doubts Him, and when he doesn't know what He wants he's lost. Porto was puzzled, if that's the word, because our family of gods, who fed him, loved him, even made loud laughing sounds, didn't seem to have much to do. True, we were all off to school or work every day and there was housework, homework, games, but nothing, as we knew later, that could have seemed familiar or significant to Porto.

When my father got off the night shift he had lunch and supper with us and he called Porto for the first time into the dining room. Father said Porto was a typical wonderful dog. "A *valuable* dog," Father said, frowning, looking like President McKinley. Father was always being an expert on worldly questions. "Whoever owned this dog," Father said, "trained him, *educated* him. He is a valuable dog. He is saturated with discipline." And Father looked around at his children, who weren't. "He comes," Father said, "at a finger snap," and here he did snap his fingers. The curly white clean little dog had been sitting, his round

brown eyes so alert their whites showed from time to time as their focus followed Father's own eyes. At the loud snap of the fingers Porto at once stood on all fours, braced himself and went over backwards, a quick, accurate back somersault. He wagged his tail. At the noise we made, including chair legs scraping as smaller people got away from them to crowd around, Porto did it again. He got the last meat ball on the platter carefully broken into small soft pieces by Mother.

"I told you he was a young dog," my brother Harry said.

Not long after, we learned that if you raised a pencil at Porto he would, with a small groan, walk on his front legs. As for sitting up and begging, or walking on his hind legs clear around our dining-room table, that seemed as easy as anything a dog might do. He did tricks in between times, too, but nearly always at mealtime in our dining room, which had false "mission" beams across the ceiling, red wallpaper, wainscoting the painters had "grained," and a gas-log fireplace.

Father began a fantasy about Porto. The little clean white dog was worth thousands of dollars. His owner, frantic, sweating, in his fur-lined overcoat was seeking him everywhere. Father put a dollar's worth of classified ad in Mr. Older's Bulletin.

My oldest sister Irene said, "His master was old, too, and Porto was the last of his dog-act, like on the Orpheum; the others he sold off one by one to live on the proceeds, and this night he stood up at the Gold Bar and he drank whisky until he fell down on the floor with delirium tremens, so they had to take him to the Emergency, and Porto, maybe the last dog of maybe thirty dogs in the play, he waited and he waited, until Harry came along. He had been dirty and hungry for weeks and months while his master, who was a great actor, went down and down on life's scale —"

Father almost lost his temper at that but he didn't smash any dishes on the table or the wall. He only warned Irene to stop reading "trash." Harry and I and the others knew Irene's imagination was imagination but the next moment, as often before, her words became the truth, the official, so to speak, explanation. And there was never any answer to Father's expensive ad. The world didn't want Porto. It was through with him. He stayed with our family and had no other life. My brother Harry through his ninth and tenth years when he was in Crocker Grammar was the boy who owned a circus dog who could dance, who could just about talk, matter of fact.

"He's rheumatic," Mother said. "It hurts too much for him to walk on his front feet. You must say no."

So Harry did. The back somersault ended on a Thanksgiving Day. (The panic, Father was still out of work: we had a turkey because an aunt who

seemed rich to us had quarreled with her husband and they had each gone away, one to Los Angeles, the other to Lake Tahoe.) Father, holding a dish of turkey bits to one side, snapped his fingers and Porto braced himself on all four paws, but missed and landed foolishly on his back — he tried to crawl away under the table. Mother caught him and talked to him, and talked to Father in rapid Norwegian which made Father smile in an inward way, but he passed over his saucer of meat for Porto and Mother fed him, talking all the time in Norwegian, not one word of which any of us could understand.

He was a happy dog, a "lucky dog," after all. How could you tell if he could tell the difference from an audience of our family and some hundreds or thousands in a vaudeville theater or a circus tent? Did he miss his master? Could he tell any difference between him (and his whip) and my kid brother Harry, who brought older kids home and proved to them that he owned the greatest trick dog in the United States? I don't know. . . . My mother often said that she didn't like dogs, but she took care of Porto. He was by nature dirty, she said, he was useless, old — he didn't smell good — he was a nuisance. What my mother said she could not understand was that Porto loved her so much.

"He loves *me* best," Harry said, "because he's my dog. He found me."

Mother smiled at him in her unhurting way and then she said, "Of course he does, Harry," and then she said, "He comes to me only because I feed him regularly." Mother, about to tell Harry some truth, raised her finger like a baton, and poor old Porto, with a wheezy groan, began walking on his forelegs. Mother reached down and took him in her lap.

"He's got old rheumatic bones," she said. Porto groaned a little and went wonderfully to sleep.

Harry moved over against Mother. "He's a swell dog," Harry said. "Do you know what a swell dog he is, Mother?"

She said, "Yes, now I do."

3

WE MOVED to Waller Street, near Buena Vista Park, I forgot why, a ground-floor apartment in one of those four-story wooden houses with balconies in front and a porch in back. It had a slanting-up back yard, an oblong of bare ground between high wooden fences, bare except for a young palm tree, and in one corner a couple of tall artichoke plants, a sad weedy sort of garden, especially when the cold fog blew in, as it did most every afternoon. That's where Porto lived a good deal, the back yard, but he wasn't alone because Mother would be busy in the summer kitchen; and anyway he never seemed to have anything to do with other dogs, only people. The night Porto got sick Mother put him

in the summer kitchen, like a porch with big glass windows, and he made messes.

Harry cleaned them up. He said, "He just got a cold or something. He's a strong dog." An animal doctor at Argenti's Pharmacy had looked at Porto and said he's maybe fourteen years old — for a small dog it's like being eighty for a man.

Harry didn't listen. He said, "He's a strong dog — you can tell he's young."

Like many dogs, Porto's whole property was that bit of quilt Mother had given him the first night. Once or twice it had been cleaned but this disturbed Porto too much. The quilt must have smelled like Porto and, I suppose, our family; it smelled, felt like, and *was* home. It was reality for Porto, and he was distressed and frightened the times Mother had taken it away for a good washing. At the time we moved to this Waller Street place, from Clayton, he found his quilt in the confusion, but not his box, and went dragging his quilt along the new dark hallway, looking for his place.

I haven't said Porto was a person everybody loved, but he was, though he was a closed-in, disciplined, gifted (if you will) little professional. We were pleased that he liked us best. Harry, his nominal owner, was thus a trick dog owner throughout two important years — his ninth and tenth years. For better or worse, Harry was never the same. Harry could not do a backward flip, nor walk on his hands, and never learned; however, he learned thus early that if somebody you directed did tricks it was almost as good as if you could do them yourself, almost.

Harry cleaned up the summer kitchen. The sick dog was put on his quilt in his box. He was restless, finally put his curly head down on his forepaws, closed his eyes, and slept a little, but struggled with his legs, and barked in the muffled nightmare-way dogs sometimes do, and this has always seemed to me some indication that however limited, dogs too have an inner life, even imagination, for what in the world else could make a small old poodle bark and try to run while sound asleep?

"Something is happening inside his mind," Mother said. "He's a sick animal. He didn't eat. He's hot. And he has bad dreams." When he woke she offered him some hot milk with a spoonful of rye whisky, but he only took a little. Some horrible infection was blazing in his meager little blood stream, relentless and avid as you might expect some such attack on a larger and more important organism, a man for instance. But in a way all life is a marvel and all living creatures can become the prey of the always lurking, murderous evils that are part of our world. That night Porto was past eating, past drinking. He tried to be clean and made faint cries at the door to be let out, but when let out he began to run, or rather trot, round and round the dismal garden, past the gray palm tree, the artichokes, and night came down and then, up



*Novelist and anthropologist, who graduated from Groton in 1920 and from Harvard in 1924, OLIVER LA FARGE had taken part in three archaeological expeditions to Arizona and in others to Mexico and Guatemala before settling down to write his first novel, *Laughing Boy*, for which he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1929. Since 1933 he has taken a leading interest in Indian affairs; and more recently, during his residence in New Mexico, he has taught and lectured on the two subjects dearest to him — anthropology and English.*

WE NEED PRIVATE SCHOOLS

by OLIVER LA FARGE

I

WHEN President Conant of Harvard, as he then was, issued his deprecation of the private school system in the United States, and declared that the American scheme required that all should be educated alike in the public schools, he exploded a bombshell that was followed, for the most part, by a stunned silence. The New England private schools and their congeners west of the Alleghenies were bowled over. It was as if their own had betrayed them, for Harvard has always been *par excellence* the college of the private schools.

The most vigorous rebuttals came from those denominations, including the Jewish, that maintain schools as part of the activity of the organized church, as distinct from the relatively self-sponsored church schools, usually Episcopalian, of New England. Their arguments were based upon the right to a religion-centered education; none, so far as I know, challenged Dr. Conant's interpretation of the American scheme or his concept of the public schools, both of which are open to serious challenge.

In the early 1940s I wrote an autobiographical book in which I devoted two chapters to my own school, Groton. The chapters were incomplete as a description of the school, purely subjective, and concerned only with certain personal experiences. They were highly uncomplimentary and, I understand, caused considerable pain in Grotonian circles. They also brought me in about the heaviest fan mail I have ever had, a good half of which was from fellow Grotonians. Had Dr. Conant set forth his thesis at that time, I should have applauded it.

Since then a series of happenings has caused me to observe public schools, and the public school product, especially in the West, as private school men, other than those who teach in colleges, usually do not have an opportunity to do. A number of observations, scattered and disorganized, have

slowly been brought together, like so many iron filings, by the magnet of Dr. Conant's thesis, leading to the conclusion that it is based upon misconceptions. Being a Harvard man, it startles me to find myself writing these words about one of Harvard's great presidents — perhaps my chief reason for writing this article is to test my own defense.

When I wrote what I did about Groton — none of which would I change — I left a world of favorable things unsaid because I took them for granted and assumed that everybody else would. I thought it superfluous to state what I imagined one found in practically all schools except the most deprived. It is only recently that it has become apparent to me that a great many schools, including a number of private schools, fail to provide that most fundamental thing of all, an education. This failure seems, on the whole, to occur more often among public schools, although of course there are fine public schools, just as there are gifted individuals who will get themselves an education anywhere.

Long before the war, in the course of my work in anthropology, I became aware of "the uneducated Ph.D." By this I mean the man who has qualified for a doctorate in a specific discipline but is sadly ignorant of anything outside it, and almost always, apparently as a correlate, is unable to express himself clearly, whether in the technical or the common language. These also are likely to be the men who cannot relate their special knowledge to the world in general, and most often present the familiar phenomenon of the scholar who is an ass in all things outside his field. In my own science it is striking to note how few exceptions there are to the rule that the anthropologists of real stature, the makers of theory and philosophy, the shapers of the science, are men and women of cultivation and broad, general education. This does not mean, of course, that they are all private school graduates.

A portion of my military service was spent in France. It was startling to find that, among the thousands of American college graduates, officers, who were dumped there, the one who could speak even the most elementary French was the rare exception. Most of those that I met could not even ask the basic question "*Combien?*" until they had picked up the word — as like as not from an enterprising enlisted man. I made a point of asking as many of these men as possible how it was that they had no French, when they must have had to "present" it to enter college. The answer was always the same, and usually in the same words: "I took three years of French in high school in order to get into college. Then I just forgot it." That is as pretty an example of schooling without education as one can find.

One of these men was an officer with whom I spent some time also in Britain, on an assignment that caused us to keep traveling about. He had his doctorate in English and taught English literature in a western university. He knew remarkably little English or British history. When we visited the Tam o' Shanter tavern, he was well up on Burns, but an ancient, throne-like chair that was said to have belonged to Robert the Bruce interested him only vaguely. As to the relationship of architecture to literature and to history, so important in Britain, he had no conception of it. He could not tell Norman from Perpendicular. Like most people, he had a vague idea that half-timbered houses were Tudor, but the succeeding Stuart period and the preceding whole-timbered construction were news to him. He was intelligent, and a fine companion, and he was fascinated to have two periods of Gothic superimposed on Norman shown to him in a church, and on another occasion, Roman tiles in the lower courses of a wall. In view of his specialty, it is fair to call him a fine specimen of the uneducated Ph.D., and while his college obviously gave him very poor training, not all the blame can be laid there.

2

MORE recently, through teaching and lecturing, I came into contact with the western undergraduate, who typically has entered college on a high school certificate. Western undergraduates are delightful; considering them simply as people, I'd rather teach them than Easterners. What I have to say of them is not leveled at them as Westerners, but as public school products, and I believe it will prove to be true of similar products from many parts of the East and South.

In a class of thirty, at least fifteen will dread what they call "essay exams." An essay exam is anything requiring written answers, as against checking off multiple choices or true-or-false statements on a prepared sheet. A quiz of ten questions requiring answers averaging fifty words apiece is feared; a

major examination question, calling for several pages of answer, is a pure horror. The reason for this is clear in their contorted faces as they put pen to paper. It is painfully clear when one reads their exams. *They can't write.*

While these people are not brilliant, they are not all stupid, by any means. Most of them can read well enough, as is apparent from their grasp of what the course textbooks contain; some even read voluntarily. They take an average good part in class discussions. They are semiliterate in a sense we do not usually think of — they can read, but they cannot write. They cannot spell, punctuation is quite beyond them, the mere formation of a written word troubles them. They seldom can reproduce correctly any technical term, even though it occurs frequently in the textbook and has been written out for them on the blackboard, its derivation explained, and its meaning expounded.

In these classes one finds, also, a resistance to any discussion that roams beyond the literal confines of the subject. In teaching general anthropology, the teacher can feel that he is losing some of the class if he refers to *Babbitt* or to Shakespeare, or speaks of the urban modernism of Rome as shown in Horace's *Satires*. (A good part of the class will never have heard of Horace.) These are all references that are likely to come up in conversation among professional anthropologists. There is a definite resistance to erudition as such, except that which is an inescapable part of the subject being taught. This is generally true only of a minority, but a large enough one to make the teacher go warily. He tends to narrow his presentation and to teach, in fact, as if his students had never left high school. He cannot assume that he and the class have any common points of reference arising from voluntary reading. The result is that he is inclined to give an inferior course, lacking in depth.

In this class of thirty there are likely to be two or three private school graduates, usually girls. On native intelligence, they should place around the middle of the class, but their elementary education is so superior that they are able to rank in the top third without special effort. Specifically, they can write, and they are not hostile to the broader references. They have no fear of "essay exams," even prefer them, and the instructor must watch out for the fine old custom of writing "bull."

I discussed the condition of noneducation with a dean of a good western university who had taken on an assignment in regard to qualifications for admission that brought him into personal contact with many of the schools of the state. He answered with descriptions of sparsely settled, poverty-stricken counties, of county school boards the members of which themselves had neither education nor any real concept of it, and of principals and superintendents who did not know the difference between "its" and "it's."

His remarks made me think of a summer school student I had had, a schoolteacher from a rural area. She was about forty-five and was taking summer courses because, under some rule that I do not understand, unless she could get a master's degree she might lose her position. It was almost impossible to form a fair judgment of her native intelligence; my impression was that she was slightly below the class average. She was a history teacher, and presumably knew some history; apart from that her education was nil. Her "essay" quiz and examination papers, and the rather simple thesis required in that course, showed a fair grasp of what had been taught; the grammar, spelling, and the misuse of words, the spoonerisms, were so wild as to be hilarious. I do not mention this unfortunate hack as a sample of public school teachers; I would suppose her to be exceptional. She is pertinent because, while not a Ph.D., she was a person whose business was books and learning, yet she was not really literate.

I said above that the two or three private school graduates are likely to place in the top third of the class — not at the top. The rest of the top third will be made up of public school graduates, and without exception they will be reasonably literate and not hostile to erudition. I think of one sophomore who had become interested in ecology, and as the university gave no courses in that science as such, had worked out his own curriculum. He disputed the description of the Arctic in a required book, and after he had convinced me and the head of the department, gave the class an excellent lecture on Arctic ecology, backed by a number of photographs he had accumulated.

3

WHAT I have written so far sounds like a general attack on our public schools. To some extent, any fair discussion of the place of private schools in the American scheme must be, not a general attack, but an attack upon the excessively large number of inferior public schools, since if all of them were excellent, there would be no *raison d'être* for private schools except to inculcate a given religion. Non-sectarian private schools would simply disappear, and the enrollment at many church schools, particularly the more expensive ones, would drop off.

American public school standards are set by the communities. This does not necessarily mean that the schools reflect their public's *average* concept of education, or the majority concept (if either exists in clear form). As is the case with most aspects of American government, American education is under the influence of citizens who are especially interested in it. At elections, many voters know nothing about the candidates for the various educational positions. The county superintendent and the important school board may be put into office simply

by a Republican or Democratic swing. Usually, however, nominees are selected by the group especially interested in the school system, and this group often carries elections.

Within limits, that group can lift the schools above the standards of the majority. If it tries to initiate conspicuous or controversial changes, the general public becomes interested and may slap it down. The majority will always be alert, and frequently reluctant, when it comes to increasing costs. Lest we grow impatient with the majority, we should remember that it often protects the schools from being debauched when the specially interested group is crackpot or corrupt.

That in certain communities we have schools that are well above what we should expect from the general cultural level of those communities is due either to a large and effective specially interested group, or, as in my own state of New Mexico, to a well-organized and effective teachers' lobby. Such a lobby exists, of course, to serve the teachers' interests in matters of pay, tenure, and pensions; but to the credit of the profession be it said that the teachers are vitally interested in improving the quality of the education they are allowed to give.

What all this comes down to is that the public schools are very uneven. They range from splendid to awful; they differ sharply from state to state, county to county, city to city, and city to country. Uniformity of education is a myth. What parents can get for their children depends upon where they happen to reside. If equality of opportunity means identity of educational advantages, then it does not exist in this country now and it will be a long time a-coming.

But — and here, I think, is Dr. Conant's error — equality of opportunity does not mean identity of advantages. That distinction starts with the innate ability of the people themselves; the clever man makes use of the opportunities that the stupid one does not even notice. He was born with advantages. Nor, for all our trend towards uniformity, do we hold up identity as a goal. We look with favor upon individuals or groups who secure themselves advantages, be it better purchasing or marketing, or better housing, or automobiles, so long as in so doing they don't step on other people's faces. We do not insist that everyone have the same house and the same car, but that it be open to him, if he be able and industrious enough, and perhaps have a bit of luck, to get for himself the best car and the finest house in the nation. If someone does not like the community hospital or the public golf course, which the majority finds excellent, he is free — and most Americans will hasten to tell him so — to see if he can find others to join with him in setting up private ones more to his liking.

There is nothing at all American in telling a man that if he wants a better education for his son, the only way he can get it is by selling his house and his

business and moving to one of those communities in which the public schools are superior. That is, in fact, exactly contrary to the philosophy of American democracy. It is a form of insistence that all be held down to a level, rather than that we keep trying to raise all to a level.

Those last words bring up the argument that the discontented parent should devote himself to raising his own community's school to the level he desires. That is good in theory, but in practice it is all too often not feasible. Lack of funds, general mediocre standards, or a combination of both may forbid it. It is one thing to work for a civic improvement, quite another to sacrifice one's child to it — and not get it.

Many parents want what they call "a better education" for their children. By this they may mean the academic training or the surrounding circumstances and atmosphere that are so important a part of the educative process. Many of them are thinking of the incorporation of religious training, without which as a built-in part of the whole they consider education incomplete. All too many are thinking of social prestige. Whatever the real goal, the aspiration is legitimate and thoroughly American.

There is nothing in the American pattern that makes it objectionable for these people, too, to band together to secure what they desire, whether they found a school or pay the tuition fees of a going one. One effect of this, especially in the case of boarding schools, is that the children are cut off from social contact with a cross-section of American society, or, rather, of the society of a particular community, and may therefore grow up less good democrats, with less ability to understand their country. It does not have to follow that this happens; that particular limitation can be cured in many ways.

There are also many provincialisms, of which denominational provincialism and money-class provincialism are only two. Nothing is more provincial than the really pure New York City product or the Boston Irish; the dead-end kid and the boy from the isolated village in the desert of southern Utah are no closer to the wholeness of the American than the Grotonian. Nor are snobbery and separation-by-wealth confined to the private schools. The flashy rich boy in public school, buying toadyism, has just as poor a preparation for life in a democracy — perhaps poorer.

Not all private schools give what the parents think they are paying for. I know of some expensive ones that offer a child less, on all counts, than any good public school in New Mexico. The fact remains, nonetheless, that parents *can* get a superior education for their children in private schools, regardless of where they reside. Like owning a Cadillac or wearing tailor-made clothes, the superior

education costs money, just as it takes extra money to go to Dr. Conant's Harvard instead of to a state university. That the best private schools (and Harvard) knock themselves out raising and giving scholarships is beside the point; in our democracy there is nothing against buying something better if you can afford it.

Nor does our democracy permit much danger of the formation of an educational elite, any more than it does an elite of wealth. A proportion of private school graduates tend to huddle together, withdrawing from the discomforts of social democracy, but they are ineffectual. They may consider themselves an elite, but they aren't worth worrying about. (And all this is true, also, of a proportion of Harvard men.) The ones who go out into the world and take part, the ones who make themselves felt, soon forget to think about what school their friends, enemies, co-workers, and rivals went to. When they meet someone from their old school, they do admit a bond, but it is far weaker than many others they have formed.

The private schools, also, can make contributions to public education. Those private school men who send their children to private schools still pay the public education tax, and some of them interest themselves in their communities' schools. To that interest they bring a background of better education that is of real value. Also, it is easier to persuade people to try improvements in schools, or in anything else, if examples of those improvements are already in existence.

Finally, and by no means least, today the private schools, including the big Catholic parochial schools, are the last rampart against the dead hand of the educators of educators. The private schools on the whole have a freedom in selecting their personnel that would be difficult to maintain in a system that is subject to politics. They choose teachers on a basis of character, apparent ability, and depth of knowledge of the subject to be taught, and are relatively uninterested in training in "education." Other things being equal, a Ph.D. in English would be a thorough qualification for an English teacher in a private school. He would not, like one such Ph.D. I know in a public school, have to get himself an M.Ed. before he could have promotion with tenure. By and large, the private schools have not bought the dreadful theory that if a teacher has studied education, he does not have to have a real mastery of the subject he is teaching in school.

That illiterate history teacher haunts me. I should like Dr. Conant to meet her. If earning my living required me to live in her community, I should be sending my children to private schools, even if it meant shipping them all the way to England, where they do things backwards and where private schools are called "public."



BENJAMIN THOMAS, the author of the best single-volume biography of Lincoln, reminds us that following the election of President Zachary Taylor in 1848, Abraham Lincoln thought that his political career was at an end. He had served one term in Congress, where his record had not found favor with his Illinois constituents; now the door of patronage had been slammed in his face, so Lincoln settled back into the routine of a country lawyer riding circuit spring and fall, pleading cases at court sessions in seven county towns. What he learned from this experience and what it was that sprung him from this rut constitute a turning point in his life.

ABE LINCOLN, COUNTRY LAWYER

by BENJAMIN P. THOMAS

1

THE Illinois prairies were thrusting forth new life in early April, 1854, as Abraham Lincoln hitched "Old Buck" to his buggy and prepared to set forth on his customary round of the Eighth Judicial Circuit. Bidding good-by to his wife and their three boys — Robert, aged ten; Willie, three; and "Tad," the baby, born just a year before — Lincoln tossed a threadbare carpetbag containing shirts, underwear, a homemade yellow flannel nightgown, and other necessities into the buggy, swung his long body after it, "cluck-clucked" to his horse, and turned northward through Springfield's more prosperous residential section toward the open country. Ahead of him lay a journey of some four hundred miles that would keep him away from home almost ten weeks, with stops for court sessions at seven county towns.

Lincoln loved the life of the circuit — the excitement of court week in the small country towns, the camaraderie of judge and lawyers, the speechmaking and sociability in the evenings, and the esteem in which the simple country people held the members of the bar. He had not expected to follow the circuit this long, however; and if his thoughts turned inward on this first leg of his journey, he could look back on a quick rise in life followed by a disillusionment that held him to circuit practice. For Lincoln, pulling himself loose from the poverty and aimlessness that marked his background, had learned to use his brain instead of brawn as a means of livelihood; then, employing the law as a springboard, he had rapidly advanced in politics. After serving four terms in the state legislature, he had aspired to go to Congress. Whig party rivalries stood in his way at first; but after he had waited for two other zealous young Whigs to satisfy a similar ambition, his turn had come at last. In December, 1847, he had stepped forth on the national stage.

Thus, in Lincoln's early manhood, while the law provided bread and butter, politics became his life. For fifteen years he had spent hour after hour attending caucuses, conventions, and legislative sessions, writing party circulars and delivering party speeches, formulating party policy and directing party strategy. Then, during his term in Congress, had come discomfiture: he lost step with the people of his district by opposing the Mexican War.

When war with Mexico began, during Lincoln's campaign for Congress, a fervid martial spirit swept the prairies; and if he harbored any feelings that his country might be wrong, he had kept them to himself. By the time he reached Washington, the fighting had stopped. But peace terms were yet to be agreed on, and he found that his fellow Whigs in Congress, looking to the election of 1848, were intent upon making political capital by accusing President Polk of bringing on an unjust war against a feeble neighbor.

Lincoln fell in with this policy and joined the clamor against Polk. He introduced a series of resolutions designed to convict Polk of falsehood in his claim that Mexico had started hostilities by "invading our territory and shedding American blood on American soil." This was not so, Lincoln asserted; Mexico, not the United States, exercised jurisdiction over the "spot" where the first blood had been shed. Three weeks later Lincoln took the floor to amplify his charges and challenge Polk to answer them. Throughout the session he voted consistently with the Whig minority on all matters designed to put the President in the wrong. And when the Democrats introduced a resolution of thanks to General Zachary Taylor for his victory at Buena Vista, Lincoln joined with other Whigs in amending it to read, "in a war unconstitutionally and unjustly begun by the President."

The letters in which Lincoln tried to justify his actions to his law partner, William H. Herndon, are forthright with conviction, notwithstanding Lincoln's silence on the subject before he left for Washington. But Lincoln, the young Whig politician, had been reared to party discipline; and thrown among the national stalwarts of his party as a freshman congressman, he may have been convinced with undue ease.

In any event the outcome proved ruinous for Lincoln. Back home, where people's patriotism and land hunger overrode any moral qualms they may have felt about the war, he was blasted throughout his district as a disgrace to his state. Democratic newspapers dubbed him "Spotty" Lincoln, and one even labeled him "a modern Benedict Arnold."

Heretofore Lincoln's district had been accounted such a Whig stronghold that the Whig nomination was tantamount to election. By reason of an understanding among certain Whig leaders of the district that they would take a "turn about" in Congress, he did not stand for re-election. But his course had so discredited the party that Stephen T. Logan, the Whig candidate to succeed him, lost to Thomas L. Harris, Democrat. The powerful Whig organization managed to keep the vote extremely close — 7201 for Harris to 7095 for Logan; and Lincoln tried to explain the defeat on the ground of Logan's unpopularity and Harris's excellent war record. But the *Illinois State Register* came nearer to the truth when it complained: "This will not do, gentlemen, you must put the saddle on the right horse. . . . Besides his own dead weight, Logan had to carry the votes of the Whig party, including Lincoln, that the war was unconstitutional and unnecessary."

This congressional election took place in August, 1848, and by the time of the presidential election, in November, the Whigs, with General Zachary Taylor, a military hero, as their candidate, succeeded in bringing the district right-side-up again. Lincoln, intent on proving that his course had caused no change of sentiment in the district, worked harder in this contest than he had ever worked before, and claimed the chief credit for this local victory. He had also labored zealously for Taylor's nomination, even at the cost of abandoning his political idol, Henry Clay. Now, with the Whigs in control of the federal government, Lincoln, jobless and reluctant to return to the less eventful life of Springfield, sought the politician's reward.

He asked for the commissionership of the General Land Office in Washington, but it went to a Chicagoan, an indication of the increasing political importance of the booming city on the lake; and the most that the administration would offer him was the governorship or secretaryship of far-off Oregon Territory. Lincoln had also thought that he and Edward D. Baker, who would be the sole Illinois Whig in the next Congress, should control the federal patronage in Illinois. But their recommenda-

tions for office were consistently ignored. It was as though the door to a political future had been slammed shut in Lincoln's face. By the summer of 1849 he had no choice but to return to Springfield and settle once again into the routine of a country lawyer.

So every spring and fall for the past four years, he had started out on the circuit, as he was doing now, leaving home and family for nine or ten weeks at a time, driving over muddy or dusty roads, now under a hot sun and again through pelting showers or all-day rain, putting up with the scanty comforts and monotonous fare of cheap hotels and boarding-houses, where the lawyers slept two in a bed and six or eight in a room, and spending long hours in court for the ten, twenty, or fifty dollar fees, occasionally supplemented by larger ones, which, along with the more substantial fees he earned in the State Supreme Court and the Federal Courts in Springfield and the interest he received from a few notes and mortgages, added up to an annual income of some \$2500.

2

MANY lawyers settled down into contented mediocrity in such a way of life, but Lincoln, with the avenue of political advancement seemingly closed to him, resolved to make himself a better lawyer and more enlightened man. So, as "Old Buck" plodded on from one town to another along the familiar prairie roads, Lincoln often lolled back in his buggy, his long legs over the dashboard, with an open book in hand: Robert Burns or Shakespeare, those favorites of his young manhood, or perhaps some scientific textbook. Having learned the value of mathematics as a mental discipline, he mastered the first six books of Euclid; and he also studied astronomy.

Thus Lincoln's ambition, which Herndon, without fully comprehending, compared to a little engine that knew no rest, and which Lincoln, in his first campaign for public office, described as a desire "of being truly esteemed of my fellow men by rendering myself worthy of their esteem," carried over into these years of political retirement and induced him to continue that process of self-teaching that had distinguished his earlier years.

Though Lincoln appreciated the knowledge to be gained from books, observation and experience remained his chief instructors, as they had always been. A fellow lawyer remembered how, when Lincoln encountered a new piece of farm machinery on his circuit travels, he would examine it in all its parts, first closely, then at a distance, and finally, coming back to it, he would shake it, lift it, push it, "sight" it to see whether it was straight or warped, and stoop, or even lie down if necessary, to look under it in order to ascertain its every quality and utility. In the lawyers' evening discussions, which

"ranged through the universe of thought and experience," he learned to apply the same careful process to propositions and ideas.

A man of deep emotions, Lincoln craved the power to put his feelings into words. Of a commonplace poem he had once declared: "I would give all I am worth and go in debt, to be able to write so fine a piece as I think that is"; and, unsatisfied with the clarity and fluency that are the lawyer's tools, he had attempted to write poems of his own.

Some notes for a law lecture, which Lincoln drew up at this season of his life but never used, reveal not only his attitude toward his profession but also something of the man himself. "I am not an accomplished lawyer," he wrote. "I find quite as much material for a lecture in those points wherein I have failed, as in those wherein I have been moderately successful. The leading rule for the lawyer, as for the man in every other calling, is diligence. Leaving nothing for tomorrow which can be done today. Never let your correspondence fall behind. Whatever piece of business you have in hand, before stopping, do all the labor pertaining to it which can then be done. . . . Extemporaneous speaking should be practiced and cultivated. It is the lawyer's avenue to the public. . . .

"There is a vague popular belief that lawyers are necessarily dishonest. . . . Let no young man choosing the law for a calling for a moment yield to the popular belief—resolve to be honest at all events; and if in your own judgment you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer. Choose some other occupation, rather than one in the choosing of which you do, in advance, consent to be a knave."

Honesty became Lincoln's best-known attribute around the circuit, and next to that his gift of storytelling. "Lord, wasn't he funny," one friend later wrote; while another with the free-wheeling exaggeration of the frontiersman recalled: "In the role of story teller I never knew his equal. His power of mimicry was very great. He could perfectly mimic a Dutchman, Irishman or Negro. . . . I have heard men say that they had laughed at his stories until they had almost shaken their ribs loose." Lincoln's humor often served a useful purpose. Abstruse points became clear to the slowest minds on a jury when Lincoln explained them with a story; and his quick perception of the ludicrous and the ridiculous enabled him to unmask pretense and vanity and hold things in true perspective.

Notwithstanding Lincoln's geniality he was a lonely man; for there was a remoteness and innate dignity about him that kept acquaintances at arm's length. Most people addressed him as "Mr. Lincoln" or "Lincoln." Not even stout, jovial Judge David Davis or any of his other intimates felt sufficiently free and easy with him to call him "Abe."

He neither smoked nor drank, and seldom swore; yet he never moralized of those who did, and he had

jokingly applied to himself the saying that a man with no vices is likely also to lack virtues.

3

SOMETHING of Lincoln's life struggle might be discerned in his face. The early death of his mother in the Indiana wilderness, a rude upbringing verging on the uncouth, the batterings of rough-and-tumble frontier politics, a mental breakdown resulting from uncertainty about love, the hurts of a not altogether happy marriage, the loss of an infant son—all these had added their tracings to the toil marks that seamed his features. Yet his face was kindly for all that; for the buffetings of life had sensitized instead of hardening him, and patience, tolerance, forbearance, and forgiveness were becoming the very texture of his heart.

Also a part of Lincoln's very being was a faith in the worth and fundamental goodness of plain people, like those whom he grew up with, those at the little village of New Salem who helped him get a start in life, and those he knew now on the circuit. Still vivid in his memory was a time when, as a boy in backwoods Indiana, he had lain at full length on the cabin floor before the open fire, reading Parson Weems's life of George Washington. But what moved him, even more than the deeds and character of Washington, was the heroism of the Revolutionary soldiers, and he could remember thinking, "boy even though I was, that there must have been something more than common that those men struggled for."

And as he overcame the obstacles of poverty and grew in mind and character, the story of America took on rich meaning for him. In no other country of the world, he thought, were ordinary people so much the masters of their destiny. Nowhere else were they offered such a chance to rise through their own efforts. As he carved out his own career in law and politics, all about him, at home and on the circuit, he saw men who, starting life as laborers, mechanics, mill hands, and flatboatmen, or in other lowly walks of life, had become lawyers, merchants, doctors, farmers, editors, successful politicians. And he saw these people come together in equality and mutual respect, not only in the state legislature and in Congress, but also at the grass-roots level, in private homes and crossroads meetinghouses, to make their own decisions and work out their own problems under a political system "conducting more essentially to civil and religious liberty," he thought, "than any of which the history of former times tells us." As the years passed, he had arrived at the conviction that the Founding Fathers of the new republic had embodied its true meaning in the document that gave it birth, and that in the assertion of the Declaration of Independence that all men are created equal and are alike entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness was a promise "not

only to the people of this country, but hope for the world to all future time."

Religion and the Bible had been important in Lincoln's upbringing; but he had known skepticism too. During his campaign for Congress, when pressed to define his faith, he had declared: "That I am not a member of any Christian church is true; but I have never denied the truth of the Scriptures." This is not the same as saying that he accepted the Scriptures fully; and, having trained his mind to demand proof, he had not yet gained that broader understanding of how the incomprehensible may still be true. Yet his very goodness bespoke a latent spirituality, which, if awakened and motivated, might widen his horizon and make his life more purposeful. Those who failed to penetrate his surface qualities saw only the old melancholy that could change so quickly to boisterous laughter, the rustic mannerisms that had clung to him since boyhood, and the shambling gait of the man whose feet have been accustomed to plowed ground. The tall hat with the well-rubbed nap, the long coat bulging at the elbows, the ill-fitting trousers and unblackened boots might have passed for the same toggerly he first wore around the circuit.

Though Lincoln's complex and sometimes contradictory personality made him difficult to understand, his warm human qualities drew people to him, and he could count a host of friends. In fact, his first stop on this trip around the circuit would be at Lincoln, the newly founded county seat of Logan County, a town named in his honor.

These friends could muster an impressive tally if he cared to have another try at politics; and his experience, his enlarged humanitarianism, and his maturing wisdom all qualified him for a larger field of usefulness in public service. But his once compelling political ambition seemed to have simmered out. Two years before, when friends tried to induce him to run again for the state legislature, he had declared that his profession demanded all his time. A move to make him governor died from his own lack of interest. During the presidential campaign of 1852, when the Whigs again nominated a military hero, General Winfield Scott, he had served as a national committeeman and delivered a few speeches. But they flashed little of the old fire. Looking back later on this period of his life, he stated that "by 1854 his profession had almost superseded the thought of politics in his mind."

4

LINCOLN might have lost interest entirely except for what was taking place in Washington. But the news from the nation's capital carried portentous overtones as Stephen A. Douglas, Lincoln's rival of bygone political contests, now a United States Senator and chairman of the powerful committee on territories, fostered a policy which, as Lincoln saw

it, threatened the very ideals the nation stood for.

Early in January, Douglas had reported out of his committee a bill to organize the territory of Nebraska with the stipulation that the people living there might admit or exclude slavery as they chose — a provision contrary to that clause of the Missouri Compromise which prohibited slavery in all the area of the Louisiana Purchase north of Missouri and the western extension of its southern boundary. Political maneuvering sent the bill back to committee; but Douglas speedily reported it out again, this time in a form which divided the affected area into two territories, Kansas and Nebraska, and expressly repealed the slavery interdiction of the Missouri Compromise. The storm of protest that broke in Congress spread rapidly through the North. Douglas was able to make his principle of "popular sovereignty" the new Democratic faith, however, and on March 3, after weeks of heated argument, he had jammed the measure through the Senate.

With that the battle shifted to the House of Representatives, and now, as Lincoln made his way from one county town to another, he coned the newspapers with more than his usual thoroughness. By the time he reached the town of Lincoln he could read of protest meetings all over northern Illinois. At Bloomington he learned that Richard Yates, Whig congressman from his district, had spoken out against "the opening of this dangerous agitation, fraught with such imminent peril to the existence of the Union itself." His home-town Whig paper, the *Illinois State Journal*, which came to Bloomington by train, was condemning "the violation of the plighted faith and compacts of the nation."

Newspapers available to Lincoln at Metamora predicted that Douglas's policy would "lead to interminable broils." At Pekin, papers from near-by Peoria told of Illinois congressmen Jesse Norton and Elihu Washburne joining Yates in denouncing "this great wrong," of Chicago and New England clergymen petitioning Congress to defeat the measure, and of veteran Senator Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri, now a member of the House, lashing out at popular sovereignty as "a bone given to the people to quarrel and fight over at every election and at every meeting of the legislature until they become a state government." The Missouri Compromise was intended to be perpetual, Benton had declared; it was as sacred and inviolable as a human instrument can be. He recalled Douglas's own assertion of less than four years before, that the Missouri Compromise had "become canonized in the hearts of the American people as a sacred thing, which no ruthless hand would ever be reckless enough to disturb."

By the time Lincoln reached Clinton, the administration organs, rallying behind Douglas's bill, were pursuing Benton in full cry. Fist swinging had been narrowly averted in the House of Representatives. Papers throughout central Illinois were con-

demning Douglas as a more dangerous fomenter of national strife and hatred than the detested abolitionists. As feeling mounted to this frenzied pitch, Lincoln's fellow lawyers noticed that he kept more and more to himself. Often he was still awake when all the others went to bed. Rising early in the morning, they sometimes found him sitting hunched in thought, staring at the dead embers in the bedroom fireplace.

For as long as Lincoln could remember, he had reasoned, "If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong." Yet, recognizing the virulence of slavery as a political issue, he had been loath to touch it, believing, as he had declared in the state legislature, that the promulgation of abolition doctrine tended to increase rather than abate the evil of it. In this issue, as in so many others, he had looked for wisdom to the Founding Fathers, and if he correctly understood their attitude toward slavery, they had sought to restrict it to the area where it had become engrafted, in the belief that, if so restricted, it would die for lack of growth. So their policy became Lincoln's policy, too, even though toleration of human bondage did violence to that concept of America as the land of freedom and equality that he had cherished since boyhood. But Douglas would risk opening new areas where slavery might feed anew, and thus prolong its life. To Lincoln's mind this constituted a rejection of the policy of ridding the nation of a hypocrisy at the earliest practicable time.

It is not our concern here that Douglas looked at the matter from a drastically different point of view, and regarded his policy as an application of the principle of self-government which, by reason of climatic and economic factors, would restrict slavery no less effectively than would a geographical line. The important fact for us, and for history, is the energizing impact on Lincoln of what seemed to him a repudiation of a national ideal. As he drove into Urbana, far over toward the eastern border of Illinois, he felt oppressed and troubled; for the struggle in the House of Representatives had reached the crisis stage. May 23, the second day of the court term, became a fateful day for him. For sometime during that day the telegraph chattered out the news he had hoped would never come: the House had passed the Kansas-Nebraska Bill by a majority of thirteen votes. Where and when Lincoln received the news we do not know, but we have his own assertion that "it aroused him as he had never been before."

Three months later he was back in politics, campaigning for the state legislature as a spokesman for the anti-Nebraska forces in Illinois, and his real career had begun. Unknowingly, he had set his feet in the path to the presidency. For Lincoln will emerge now as a man of vision, who speaks with a new authority and a new eloquence born of moral earnestness. That little engine of ambition will throb more urgently than ever, but hereafter

its energy will be directed to the advancement of a cause. And Lincoln's desire "of being truly esteemed of my fellow men" will find fulfillment in the revitalization of the ideals of human freedom and equality in the hearts of his countrymen.

No less compelling than the sunburst which appeared to Saul of Tarsus on the Damascus road was the seeming renunciation of the national aspiration to genuine democracy in bringing Abraham Lincoln back into political life, and in transforming an honest, capable, but essentially self-centered small-town politician of self-developed but largely unsuspected talents into democracy's foremost spokesman.

In Lincoln's first major speech after re-entering politics, he pleaded: "Let us re-adopt the Declaration of Independence, and with it the practices, and policy, which harmonize with it. . . . If we do this, we shall not only have saved the Union; but we shall have so saved it as to make it, and to keep it, forever worthy of the saving. We shall have so saved it, that the succeeding millions of free happy people, the world over, shall rise up, and call us blessed, to the latest generations."

This was the theme that Lincoln stressed in his great debates with Douglas four years later, and in his speech at Cooper Union early in 1860. And when war came and he found himself in the very vortex of it, he explained in his first message to Congress: "This is essentially a people's contest. On the side of the Union it is a struggle for maintaining in the world that form and substance of government whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men — to lift artificial weights from all shoulders; to clear the paths of laudable pursuit for all; to afford all an unfettered start, and a fair chance in the race of life."

Throughout the war, in state papers, in conversations, in private letters, in informal talks to soldiers, he restated this idea in variant words. Identifying the fate of the Union with the fate of world democracy, he defined the cause of the nation in terms of human betterment throughout the world.

When Lincoln was asked to make "a few appropriate remarks" at the dedication of the soldiers' cemetery on the battlefield at Gettysburg, it was inevitable that his thoughts should go back to the Founding Fathers, then forward, into the far reach of time, and that he should plead for increased devotion to the ideals the nation's sons were dying for, so that government of the people, by the people, for the people might not perish from the earth.

A nearer realization of the American dream became the aim of Lincoln's life. Yet he was no mere dreamer. He realized that the struggle for human freedom is eternal; he had no illusions of its ending in his lifetime or in ours. He understood that the antagonisms between man's better nature and his selfishness endure, and that it would be the fate of every generation of Americans to defend democracy from its enemies of greed, intolerance, and despotism.



As a Sheldon Traveling Fellow, LESLIE HOTSON in 1924 visited the Record Office in London, and in a matter of weeks tracked down the murderer of Christopher Marlowe and the eyewitness account of the stabbing. Five years later — this time on a Guggenheim Fellowship — he brought to light "Shelley's Lost Letters to Harriet." In 1931, as Professor of English at Haverford, he published "Shakespeare versus Shallow," his discovery of Shakespeare's quarrel and arrest. The results of another important detective case, the dating of Shakespeare's Sonnets, appeared in the Atlantic in 1949. The illuminating article which follows was printed in the Sewanee Review last summer, and we are happy to bring it to the attention of Atlantic readers.

SHAKESPEARE'S ARENA

by LESLIE HOTSON

1

JUST how did Shakespeare stage one of his plays? Appreciation of this question's importance has been growing ever since William Poel first made his revolutionary points, that "Shakespeare invented his dramatic construction to suit his own particular stage" and that "the plays were shaped to suit the theater of the day and no other." By now it has been borne in upon us that the more unlike our stage conditions are to Shakespeare's, the greater our problems in producing him will be, and the farther we shall come from obtaining his effects. The consequent necessity of trying to discover something definite about his methods needs no underlining.

But what kind of stage and scene did he use? Despite much confident theorizing, it is on this fundamental point that authentic detail is missing. We know that his plays were frequently acted in halls and chambers at the royal palaces, at noblemen's houses, and occasionally in the hall of an Oxford college or of an Inn of Court, as well as in the open-air Globe on the Bankside, and after 1608 in a room in the Blackfriars. It stands to reason that the means employed in all these places were sufficiently similar to permit the same actors to produce the same play both at the Globe and on a temporary stage in an indoor hall without radical change of method. And if it turns out that the method they used at Court is utterly incompatible with what modern theory believes they used at the Globe, modern theory will have to be thoroughly overhauled.

What do we know for certain about Shakespeare's stage at the Globe? Perhaps it is not generally realized just what is known, and how much is guesswork. What we know — from the carpenter's contract of 1600 for the Fortune stage, which was to be

like the Globe's — is that the stage measured forty-three feet in "length" along its front, and in "breadth" extended forward twenty-seven and a half feet, to the middle of the "yard": an oblong stage, strikingly wide and deep; that a high roof or cover to keep off rain was supported over it by pillars; and that behind the stage stood a structural greenroom or "tiring-house." From many other sources, both pictorial and literary, we know also that over this tiring-house behind the stage there was a row of spectator-boxes or expensive seats called the "lords' room." And that is all we know.

It has been supposed that in addition there must have been a curtained alcove or "inner stage" in the front of the tiring-house behind the stage; and also, curiously enough, that the high-paying spectators must have been banished from the boxes above it to make a "balcony or upper stage." These extraordinary devices, unexampled in the Continental theaters of the day, must be presumed, we are told, in order to stage intimate indoor scenes and "balcony" scenes.

Modern producers of Shakespeare have, however, been very reluctant to adopt these two presumed features. And for the best of reasons: they have not proved to be "good theater" but definitely bad. Romeo and Juliet in the Capulet tomb, the murder of Caesar in the Capitol, Antony dying in the monument, Iachimo in Imogen's chamber: important scenes like these should be witnessed at least as intimately as "street" scenes, if not more so. In the films they would be presented as medium shots or as close-ups. To pigeonhole them as remotely from the spectator as possible verges on theatrical imbecility. And yet we are asked to believe that the actor-poet who could give birth to such scenes would stand

by and let them be suffocated in alcoves set *behind* twenty-seven and a half feet of open-air stage!

It is therefore reassuring to remember that these two hypothetical features have no foundation in fact. They have been imagined by modern theorists, as means for presenting action which must be shown "within" (as in a curtained study or bedroom) or "above" (as at an upstairs window or "on the walls"). In the sole surviving contemporary view of an Elizabethan playhouse — a copy which represents the interior of the Swan as seen by Johannes de Witt about 1596 — nothing resembling such theoretical stages is to be found. Where the central "inner stage" of our imagining ought to be, is shown a solid wall: the front of the tiring-house, with heavy double doors to right and left; and above it is the "lords' room" — a row of boxes shown filled with spectators viewing the stage from the rear. No "upper stage" at all.

But suppose we disregard the evidence for a moment, and imagine these mythical alcove stages in existence as essential parts of the public theaters. At once the question arises, What happened when the actors took their plays to a temporary stage at Court? Was a similar double-storied structure built behind the stage for them there? If it turns out that no such facility was afforded, and moreover that at Court they presented dramatic action "within" and "above" by a realistic and long-established method which had no use whatever for an "inner" or an "upper" stage, the reasonable conclusion is obvious: there is neither need nor justification for rejecting contemporary evidence and inventing such stages for the public theaters.

What we require for an answer is a clear idea of three things: the sort of scenic materials provided when the companies took their plays to Court, the method of presentation they employed there, and the kind of stage on which they acted. For the first, it has long been common knowledge, drawn from the Revels Accounts of Queen Elizabeth's Household, that the essential scenic materials furnished for plays at Court were *apt howses, made of canvasse, Framed, Fashioned and paynted accordingly*. These were light structural units with roofs or tops and side curtains or practicable doors, and sometimes "upstairs" windows. Naturally the limits of playing-space in an indoor room kept them rather small.

A "house" or "mansion" of this sort often represented in miniature a city, a battlement, a senate-house, a country ("Scotland"), or even a continent ("Africa"). Atop the favorite "battlement," or at a "mansion's" window, action took place "above"; and from around a "tent," a pillared "palace," a "senate-house," or a hermit's "cell," curtains were drawn back by masked stage-keepers to reveal action "within." No inner or upper stages were either used or required. Usually there were at least two of these "mansions," standing at the ends left and right of the playing-area, with open space between.

As Sir Edmund Chambers observes, this method was clearly employed in Shakespeare's single setting for *The Comedy of Errors*. On his stage stood three "houses": the Priory, the house of Antipholus, and the Courtesan's house.

The "mansions" or "houses" on the English stage, corresponding to the *domus* of the medieval miracle plays, and to the *case* and the *maisons* of the sixteenth-century Italian and French theaters, thus provided "multiple" scenes, set before the play began, and remaining unshifted throughout the performance. William Archer and W. J. Lawrence have epitomized this traditional method of staging as follows: "Under the 'multiple' system, all the clearly defined localities in a play were simultaneously indicated by means of 'practicable' constructions, known as *maisons*, 'mansions,' or 'houses' . . . changes of locality being indicated by the movement of the actors from one 'mansion' to another." There is no evidence that plays at Court employed any all-concealing front curtain for the stage. (This is in sharp distinction from the Court "show," pastoral, or scenic masque set as a *tableau*, which was revealed by dropping to the floor a curtain extended in front of it.) In performance the play's action could flow continuously, the dramatic line unbroken by pauses for scene-shifting.

2

SO MUCH for a brief view of the Elizabethans' scenic materials and their "simultaneous" or "multiple setting" method of presenting plays without a front curtain. Now we come to our third query, the stage. Whereabouts within the hall or room at Court was the stage located? This question will prove to be of crucial importance for an understanding of Shakespeare's stagecraft.

Theatrical historians have commonly assumed that (since the upper or dais end of the hall would be occupied by the superiors) the stage must have been placed across the extreme lower end, against the "screen," where a backcloth might be hung, and where the main entry and service doors of the hall could be used for the players' exits and entrances. But no authority has ever been alleged for such a placing of a stage for plays at Court; and a moment's reflection will show its impossibility. On playing-nights at Court there was such a press of people trying to force their way past the powerful Yeomen Ushers in at those doors, that any use of them for players' conveniences would be out of the question.

Aside from this, a prime requirement made it impossible to set the stage against the bottom end of the hall: the Queen must have the best place from which to see, to be seen, and to hear. Even if her canopied throne were moved considerably forward from the dais, it would still be too far from actors playing against the screen as a background. The

open-roofed Hall at Whitehall was nearly ninety feet long; and in 1605 a point in a similar hall at Christ Church, Oxford, only twenty-eight feet from the stage proved too remote for King James to catch the speeches. The stage must be brought to the Queen, not the Queen to the stage. But where then could they put it? Not against one of the flanking walls; there it would present an oblique or sidelong aspect. Only one possible position remains — halfway or so up the room, and *out in the middle of the floor*.

Was this actually what the Elizabethans did? In that case, we ask at once, What of the spectators thronging the whole lower end of the room? How could they see through the back of the stage? For it has been universally assumed that, no matter how far the Elizabethan stage-platform projected into the audience, the actors must have played against a background: a painted cloth, a wall, at all events, against something.

But suppose there *was no background* to the platform. Then spectators behind the stage would command a clear view of everything that went on, as they do in a circus tent. The "apt houses" constructed of frames and painted canvas would stand free, facing each other across an open stage; serving both as "scenes" for entrance and exit and for greenrooms, and offering a minimum of obstruction to the view of an encircling audience crowded on scaffolds rising high against all the four walls.

We have here followed conjecture to a revolutionary conclusion, which removes the background from our picture of Shakespeare's plays as acted at Court, making his stage with its "mansions" an island in the center, open to view from all sides. If such was indeed the arrangement, on looking back into the century preceding we find that it was nothing new. This amphitheater or circus seating evidently was traditional for Court plays and "disguisings" performed without a front curtain. We read that for a "disguising" in the time of Henry VII, "all the great hall was . . . staged [i.e., scaffolded] abowte with Tymber"; and that for a play at Whitehall under Henry VIII, "the Hall was scaffolded and rayled on all parts."

Our conjectural reconstruction is thus corroborated by precedent. But for definitive proof we need an unequivocal document from Shakespeare's time, describing a Court stage for plays. This is something never found in all the years devoted to Elizabethan research. Where might such a document be preserved? Scenery was the business of the Revels; but the seating and the stages were built by the Office of Works. Have the Works Accounts been combed by historians of the stage? Apparently not, for Chambers's encyclopedic *Elizabethan Stage* gives no sign that any of them near the close of Elizabeth's reign have been consulted.

In remedying so strange an oversight, a search through the neglected Accounts proves to be re-

warded with a wealth of light, thrown where we want it most. There is no space here for more than the vital new information which comes at the height of Shakespeare's career. Among the "Whitehall" items for the season 1601-1602, we find: *a broad Stage in the middle of the Hall*; and for 1603-1604, *the haull . . . with a Stage in the myddle*. Here we have the unmistakable proof. With spelling modernized, the whole entry for 1601-1602 runs: *making ready the Hall with degrees [tiers of seats], with boards on them, and footpaces under the state [platforms under the Queen's canopy], framing and setting up a broad stage in the middle of the Hall, and making a standing for the Lord Chamberlain [Shakespeare's master, Lord Hunsdon], framing and setting up of eight partitions within the Hall end and entries [to control the throngs pressing for admission], framing and setting up a room with a floor in it in the round [bay] window in the Hall for the musicians*.

There in the middle of the Hall is the stage — a "broad" (that is, a "deep") one, evidently to allow for more ample scenic "mansions" at its ends left and right. On that very stage Shakespeare and his company played before the Queen on the two nights following Christmas, 1601, on New Year's Night, 1602, and on Shrove Sunday six weeks later. That the word *middle* means middle, that the stage was completely surrounded by the spectator-scaffolds or "degrees," is made unmistakable by contemporary descriptions of the festivities at Whitehall in the preceding winter of 1600-1601: "In the Hall, which was richly hanged, and degrees placed round about it, was the play after supper." And an Italian report of that same evening describes the "degrees with ladies" (*gradi con donne*) as placed *atorno atorno*. "Round about" and *atorno atorno* both mean *on every side*.

This customary arrangement for a play in a hall, with the uncurtained stage lying across the middle, set with painted canvas-and-frame "mansions" at both ends, and surrounded by the audience as in a circus, is also what Queen Elizabeth had found in Christ Church Hall when she was entertained in 1566 with plays at Oxford. There the stage was set up beyond the middle, in the upper part (*parte superiori*) of the Hall, transversely, and at its ends right and left stood the magnificent and stately painted "mansions" (*magnifica palatia, aedesque apparatissimae*). Against all the walls (*iuxta omnes parietes*) were constructed stands, whence the spectators could see from every side (*circumcirca*).

It was only in 1665 by order of Charles II that the fundamental change at Whitehall was made to the modern proscenium, drop curtain, and background of movable scenery for legitimate drama. In her *Restoration Court Stage* (1932), Miss Eleanore Boswell showed from a Works Account that in 1665 the new or proscenium stage was built across the lower end of the Hall from wall to wall. Its great depth took up more than a third of the entire Hall, thereby

cutting down spectator-capacity to about half the number formerly accommodated on "degrees round about."

But Miss Boswell did not realize what the Account implied about the position of the *old stage*. It was still where it had always been, in the middle of the floor. For without changing its position, the carpenters of 1665 raised "the old stage" higher, trimmed off its ends, and put a platform on it for the royal thrones, with boxes around — as the choice central seats from which to look through the proscenium arch of the new stage.

Thus, half a century after Shakespeare had played his last "kingly parts in sport" at Whitehall, his Elizabethan arena-stage ended up underpinning a central royal loge or box-seat for the grandson of King James. This diminished Restoration age had little playwrights busily "improving" the dramas of Shakespeare. The designers' similar "improvement" of the stage brought to a close the Hall's abounding life as an intimate cockpit or circus theater, with its platform as the heart of massed and eager hundreds, like those which surrounded Burbage and Shakespeare as they played before their incomparable Queen.

3

DISCOVERY in the Works Accounts of the startling evidence that Shakespeare's stage at Court was placed *in the middle of the Hall* has established a novel and revealing point. Not only was his platform not provided with a front curtain: it was moreover not set against any scenic wall or background whatever. With this plastic rather than pictorial kind of stage, the only fluent method of production feasible is that of the traditional "multiple" or "simultaneous" setting of fixed "mansions" or "scenes" common to the European stage of the Renaissance.

Hardest perhaps for our modern minds to give up is the preconception of a backdrop: to realize, instead, that spectators were *behind* the stage, on the fourth side, as in a circus. But now we *know* that at Court Shakespeare's plays were produced completely "in the round." What then of the productions at the public theaters such as the Globe? Were they utterly different? Or has our fixed modern idea of a "background" blinded us to the fact that here too there was no "scenic wall," that the Globe productions also were completely "in the round"?

Once we lay preconception aside, it is curious to see how the proof that the public stage, like that at Court, was a complete circus stage has been staring us in the face unregarded. The De Witt drawing has always shown spectators on the fourth side, behind the stage. As W. J. Lawrence pointed out, "Of the four known views of early non-scenic theaters, three show incontestably that spectators sat in elevated

boxes at the back of the stage" — a position from which it is physically impossible to see the "inner stage" of the theorists. Henslowe at the Rose Playhouse mentioned "the room over the tire-house," and contemporary references to this "lords' room" for spectators at center-back "over the stage" are common. This audience on the fourth side refuses to be argued out of existence to make hypothetical and remote inner and upper stages possible. It is a fact, as it is at Whitehall. Clearly, the Elizabethans meant what they said when they called their playhouses "amphitheatres," when they spoke of the "cirque" and "the Globe's fair Ring," and when they imagined "lines drawn from the circumference of so many ears, whiles the Actor is the Center."

Those responsible for the theory of an inner stage have managed to close their eyes not only to Shakespeare's common sense as a producer and to the undeniable presence of high-paying spectators behind the stage, but also to the economics of the theater. A theory which would tuck crucial action away in a recess beyond the sight-line both of the lords' room and of the adjacent arcs of "this wooden O," "this throngèd round, . . . this fair-fill'd Globe," ignores the all-important box-office. The "inner stage" proposition would receive short shrift from any business manager. His advice would be, "Don't be foolish. Keep the action out on the stage, as it is shown in the De Witt picture, where it can be seen from all the surrounding galleries. The only way to make money is to fill the house."

It was in fact on this very vital point of spectator-capacity that the English theaters far surpassed their Continental rivals and made the players wealthy. In proportion to their ground plan, those high-built circus theaters could pack in the paying customers in numbers which modern managers can only envy. De Witt reported that the Swan's encircling galleries would accommodate three thousand. No doubt had the Burbages been so foolish as to reduce the possible seats by adopting an "inner stage," Shakespeare would never have earned enough to buy New Place or to afford a comfortable retirement in Stratford.

Since the performance was viewed from all sides, the painted and stately "mansions" gave the sole scenic backgrounds, and the "doors" of entrance mentioned in stage directions were their doors. The important scenes "within" and "aloft" were shown well out on the stage, in the "mansions," with their curtains drawn back on every side. Where necessary, the "mansions" were set over traps giving understage communication with the tiring-house. No significant action whatever could take place by the back wall out of sight of the lords' room.

When the rascally Captain Tucca (in Jonson's *Poetaster*) vows revenge, should the players satirize him on the public stage, we naturally do not find him threatening to tear down the curtains of their

inner stage or to rip out the hangings of their balcony, because those things did not exist. But he does vow to wreck their costly scenic "mansions" and canvas "houses": "And you stage me, stinkard, your *mansions* shall sweat for't, your *tabernacles*, varlets, your *Globes*. . . ."

Our error of imagination in this matter is both radical and formidable. It has thrown the orientation of Shakespeare's stage a full ninety degrees out of true. With eyes and minds controlled by our picture stage, we have struggled to visualize Shakespeare's productions set in the same way, front-to-back, against and even *through* a unified background; forgetting that in a circus theater such as the Globe, with the stage surrounded by spectators, such an orientation and such an attempted sight-line are not only irrelevant but impossible. In reality, productions at the public theaters were inevitably set out on the platform, oriented generally right and left in its long dimension, just as they were at Court and at the universities. The great forty-three-foot length of the stage is meaningless on any interpretation other than that it was used for the dispersed setting of curtained, open-work "mansions" in the customary way.

Its area — 1182 square feet — was large to permit the dispersed units to be cunningly placed so as to present the minimum of obstruction to a view of all the action. How successfully this was done is attested by foreign visitors, who reported that "everyone can well see it all," that "from all parts the spectators most conveniently could see everything." With an audience all around, there would necessarily be some spectators who, though hearing everything, missed an occasional sight here and there. This had always been so, and was expected. But it remains incontestable that with this circus method Shakespeare was able to bring his scenes closer to a larger audience, and to give that audience far more than it could ever have got from remote alcoves set behind the stage. Consider *Romeo and Juliet*. All the scenes, including those "within" and "aloft," take place on the central platform. Everything is set out in view ready for use: the Capulets' open, pillared hall; their house adjoining with a framework room and window somewhat raised, for Juliet's bedroom "above," looking out over the orchard and wall; Friar Laurence's modest cell and the gloomy canopied Capulet monument, both with their curtains to be drawn back when their time comes; and at the "Mantua" end of the stage, the little apothecary's shop.

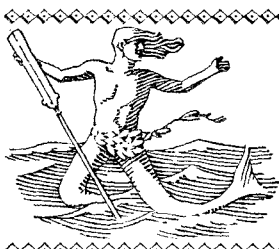
Aloft and *above* in these small-scale "mansions" need of course be only a few feet. This is clear both from the speeches and from the stage directions in *Antony and Cleopatra*. Here the boys acting Cleopatra and her maids, *aloft* in the locked monument, help to "draw up" the dying Antony while the guards heave him from below. Feasible enough, if the *aloft* is no more than some six feet up, and the

boys can lean out to draw him in. But if the operation had involved the problem of hoisting an inert body up to a "balcony stage" twelve feet above the floor, it is safe to say Shakespeare would never have written the scene.

What could be stranger than the modern notion of the Elizabethan stage as a bare and poverty-stricken affair, "with no scenery"? A wealth of contemporary comment shows us that the decoration of the public stage, so far from being merely passable, was strikingly splendid: "The sumptuous theater houses" — "the beauty of the houses and the stages" — "our scene is more stately furnished than ever it was in the time of Roscius" — "our stately stage" — "plays . . . set forth with as much state as can be imagined" — "the stately and our more than Roman city stages." English travelers on the Continent drew damaging parallels. In 1600 Dudley Carleton wrote home that a play he saw at Amsterdam "might not be compared to your plays at London for stately setting forth in stage and apparel"; and a Venetian theater seemed to Tom Coryate "very beggarly and base in comparison of our stately playhouses in England." The Scottish chronicler Robert Johnston summed it up: "For variety and magnificence of plays, England in our age surpassed all nations."

The modern world has been curiously deluded about the staging of the finest body of dramatic literature produced since the age of Pericles. So far from restoring to this drama its ample open stage upon which the designer is free to mount that stately "variety and magnificence" for which it was unequalled, we have not only robbed it of its decoration but labored vainly to put some of its finest scenes into the strait-jacket of an imaginary, awkward, and remote double-storied alcove.

But our new Elizabethan era is ripe for regaining Shakespeare's true arena-stage. Dramatic art of late has been moving irresistibly in this very direction: away from the habit of breaking up a play into several chunks and setting them as peep-shows discovered within a pretended wall, and towards bringing it as a flowing stream of heightened life into the very heart of the audience. For the men of the theater, the exploration of Shakespeare's stage will prove "a South Sea of discovery" in the roundness of a world which we have treated as flat. The designer is challenged with a new dimension. In place of "flats," he can now raise transpicuous *buildings* both suggestive and symbolic. As for the actor, Shakespeare's stage frees him from the stall which for three centuries has confined him to a one-sided performance. To take his true place at the center of all eyes will give him what he needs — the intimate post of command, where he can draw the encircling audience with him into the focus of dramatic experience. And the plays, once restored in their habit as they lived, will give up secrets we have never even suspected.



The Atlantic Serial



A wandering Englishman whose gift of languages and whose audacity remind one of Lawrence of Arabia, PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR was the British Commando who during the war commanded the operation which ambushed, captured, and evacuated General Kreipe, German Commander of the Sebastopol Division in Crete. His book, The Traveller's Tree, a journey through the Caribbean Islands, was awarded the Heinemann Foundation Prize for 1950 and a Kemsley Prize. Now from that same rich and storied background comes this short novel, of which this is the concluding installment.

THE VIOLINS OF SAINT-JACQUES

by PATRICK LEIGH FERMOR

SUMMARY. — Mademoiselle Berthe de Rennes is in her seventies and in a reminiscent mood when she tells the story of Saint-Jacques, a rich, fabulous little island in the Caribbean, where in the 1890s she had gone to serve as governess to the children of the Count de Serindan.

Berthe was twenty-four at the time of the Serindans' Shrove Tuesday Ball, the climax of the carnival season and the social function of the year. The Count, who was the leader of the rich creole landowners, had been waging a long and successful feud against the vulgar politician, Valentin Sciocca, the Governor of the island, but for the sake of peace he had been persuaded to invite the Governor and his flashy wife to the ball. The Count would not have been in so festive and forgiving a frame of mind had he known that his eighteen-year-old daughter Josephine was passionately in love with Marcel Sciocca, the Governor's brutish son. Josephine has confided all this to Berthe, who has been keeping an eye on the lovers while the ball is in progress.

But on the surface all goes well. Everyone dances with everyone else; the delicious supper is enjoyed by all; and so too the one-act play that the Count has written especially for the occasion. Only Josephine seems moody and tearful, a danger signal which Berthe detects. Then shortly after three o'clock the butler hastens to Berthe with a smudged message which tells her that Josephine and Marcel have eloped.

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BERTHE felt her heart beating fast. Looking at the clock she saw that it was twenty past three. She pushed the letter into the front of her dress and, seizing the butler's arm, said, "Quick, Gent-

lien! There may still be time." They ran along the passage and up the back stairs. Josephine's room was empty. Her white ball dress was thrown across a chair. The white satin shoes lay beside it and the carpet was scattered with a constellation of gardenias. The sheets and the pillows under the drawn mosquito net were rumpled to look as though Josephine were asleep inside. But the dressing table had been pulled away from the window, and running over to it Berthe saw a narrow footmark of French chalk from the ballroom floor printed on the polished sill. Outside, the branches of an immense ceiba tree almost touched the wall.

"It was a way down," Berthe said, "that we had often used together — more for the excitement of it than from any real need for secrecy. It was only a hop from the window onto the nearest branch; then you climbed from one branch to another almost as easily as walking downstairs and slid down the ropes of a swing onto the grass. Where would they hide, I wondered, in so small an island? There wasn't a boat for over a week. . . . Then the whole thing suddenly became clear. That light out in the bay! I ran across the landing and looked out of the front window. It was still there. There was no time to lose. 'If only Monsieur Sosthène were in!' I said out loud.

"'Monsieur Sosthène? But I saw him come in about ten minutes ago. Perhaps he is in his room.' Gentilien picked up the petrol lamp and we went down the passage. No light showed under the door and there was no answer to Gentilien's knocking

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and his cries of 'Monsieur Sosthène!' Remembering Sosthène's threats, in a sudden access of alarm I told him to go in. The door was unlocked and I followed him inside. Sosthène was lying with his face to the wall. I opened the mosquito net and put my hand on his shoulder. Without moving he said: 'Leave me alone, Gentilien, can't you?' When he heard my voice he turned over in surprise and sat up. He was covered with ash, his uniform was torn and soaking with dew, and one leg was covered up to the knee with marsh slime. He must have been wandering about in the forest ever since he had run away from me at the kiosk in the garden. He was the very picture of misery. Before he could say anything I sat down beside him and told him in a few seconds what was happening. He jumped to the floor and, shouting for Gentilien to follow, took my hand and ran downstairs. They could not have left the house more than half an hour ago and if we made haste there was a good chance of overtaking them. Obviously, he said, the ship was waiting out there to pick them up. What would an island boat be doing out to sea on Shrove Tuesday? He and Gentilien decided that the main street through Plessis running down to the Place Hercule and the Mouillage (as the harbor was called) would be blocked with merry-makers; so we determined to follow the path through the forest.

"I stopped and looked down from the landing on the way, in the wild hope that perhaps Sciocca — or even Josephine — might suddenly appear in the ballroom below, but, of course, neither of them was there. I could only have stayed a few seconds but the details remain in my mind as indelibly as a photograph. The scene had never been more animated. Beyond the three great intervening chandeliers that hung below like so many glittering cocoons of revolving insects lay the whole brilliant apparatus of the ball. There seemed no room to move and yet round and round swung the couples in a great tangle of interweaving eddies, and waves of laughter and music and heat rose from the dancers almost visibly.

"No stranger, looking down as I was, could have suspected that the house was at that very moment beset by the prospect of a duel, by the start of a lasting feud that would split the island irreconcilably, by the threat of the suicide of the son and heir, and by the elopement and possibly the bigamous marriage of the eldest daughter. I felt a kind of melancholy omniscience as I gazed down, a dismal certainty that I was the only person aware of all the hazards and sorrows ahead, and the memory of those few moments is still so startlingly clear in all its details that it might have been the result of a long scrutiny, consciously pursued with the purpose of printing on my memory the family and the house and the friends and the life that had become my own. It was as though I knew that I would never see any of it again.

"I joined Sosthène and Gentilien at the bottom of the back stairs. They had both taken cutlasses for the undergrowth and as we passed the yard, which was now as white with flakes as Spitzbergen, the carriages were beginning to assemble once more for the eventual departure of the guests. Gentilien slid two coach lamps from their brackets on a waiting victoria and handed one of them to Sosthène.

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It was almost hotter out than indoors, and as we ran over the lawns to the two stone nymphs where the little-used path through the forest began, the flakes were falling so thick that it was hard to see. But once under the branches, the air cleared and not a flake penetrated the thick roof of leaves. The path led away westward from Plessis, round the shoulder of a hill and down a ravine. The music of the ball and of the drums of Plessis soon fell silent, but the stillness of the forest was broken by the startled noises of the birds stirring overhead — an alarmed and unusual chorus of whistling and chattering. The rhythmic croaking of thousands of frogs sounded through the trees, but all the forest noises were dominated by the unbroken, high-pitched, and metallic cry of the Jacobean cricket which, with the shrill urgency of a stop watch, seemed to say *Make haste!*

"The narrow track went steeply down, turning and turning on itself like a winding staircase, so that the dancing coach lamps revolved through the leaves and the ferns ahead of me in erratic descending circles. Holding the lamps high overhead, Sosthène and Gentilien only halted a moment in their course to slash with their cutlasses through a hindering loop of convolvulus or wild vine. I soon threw my shoes away and, catching up my enormous skirt, pursued the men over the damp humus of the path in stocking feet. Outside the radius of the two lamps all was black except for the polygonal dartings of millions of fireflies. A sudden flare from the crater of the Salpêtrière would sometimes turn the sky beyond the treetops deep red and, for a few flickering moments, light the enormous liana-tangled architecture of the forest with a faint and infernal glare. Tripping at a turn in the path over what I thought was a stone, I fell full length. When they stopped to help me up, my stumbling block proved to be an armadillo which had rolled itself into a tight ball. Overhead, thick flights of pigeons and blue parrots, and even *siffleurs montagnes*, were on the move in flight from the growing heat in the *chaudières* higher up the mountain's flank. Gentilien's eyes in the lamplight were two emblems of alarm. He crossed himself and muttered, 'Je n'aime pas ça!'

"Our breakneck descent continued," Berthe said. "To the right of the path the forest sloped to a narrow creek that was thickly choked by man-

groves and then, curling round the foot of the hill, it led to a small lagoon separated by a tongue of land from the Mouillage. The Serindan boathouse, the starting point for so many happy bathing parties in the past, was built out here on piles among the arching mangrove trunks. They broke open the lock with their cutlasses. We all climbed into the little skiff; the two men put out their lamps and shoved out into the sea with their oars.

"In the darkness of the bay, the ship's light was still burning. It shed a still, red line of light across the windless water. It was no longer snowing, and apart from the splash of the oar blades and the creaking of the rowlocks, all was silent. As we drew level with the cape that separated the little lagoon from Plessis and the Mouillage, the glow of carnival lamps began to reappear through the palm-tree stems along the headland, and the sounds of rejoicing once more sounded in our ears.

"I don't think any of us had a clear idea of what we would say and do if we succeeded in overtaking the runaways. Everything had happened so quickly and we had set off at such speed that there had been no time for a definite plan. I felt sure, however, that it would not have been difficult to persuade Josephine of the madness of continuing her flight. Her letter, I thought, showed the state of turmoil in her mind. We could always tax Sciocca with running away from a duel and, still more pertinently, with having a wife in France — a fact which, still judging by Josephine's letter, he had not disclosed to her.

"The more I thought of it, the more certain I became that Sciocca had virtually cast a spell over Josephine. It was obvious that the elopement had been planned some time ago, and the reason for Josephine's insistence on the change of parts in the play became apparent at once. I suddenly understood something of her curious state the last few weeks. The poor darling wretch had been wandering about with her enormous and guilty secret in a sort of trance, a condition from which she only emerged to break into semi-hysterical tears, or behavior that was very close to real folly. I am afraid I have made her appear a terrible crybaby. Very often she had seemed to be on the point of telling me something, and each time something had stopped her, and when we were in the same room, whenever I looked up, I had found her eyes gazing at me with a sort of pathetic questioning fixity. And now, here she was, in the thick of a tenth-rate melodrama with unlimited possibilities of unhappiness and squalor — a mess that might well mean the destruction of her whole life just as it was about to begin. Apart from any other defects that Sciocca may have possessed, the fact that he could consciously involve so young and beautiful and vulnerable a creature in such a program of inevitable sordidness was an apt measure of his vanity and his lack of sensibility." Such were the thoughts that revolved in

the mind of Berthe as she sat at the tiller of the skiff.

The old fort on the headland, and then the revolving glow of the lighthouse at the end of the mole, were soon behind them; and as they advanced at a slant across the bay toward the faraway point where the ship's light still beckoned them, the Mouillage, with its shoal of canoes and fishing boats and the long lantern-hung tangle of the masts of the sloops and the Leeward Island schooners, lengthened with each stroke of the oars. The long waterfront expanded. The distances widened between the statues posturing along the quay and spaced out the white balloons of the gasoliers. The little skiff reached the causeway — which was marked by two buoys at the ends of the coral reefs enclosing the harbor's entrance — exactly opposite the center of the town; and the procession of the glowing waterfront pillars, linked by the spans of arches diminishing along an oblique vista in the lessening trajectories of a bouncing ball, slowly readjusted itself into symmetry. Above this arcade the steep and shining amphitheater of Plessis climbed in an acute-angled triangle of houses that was veined and split up by the streets — all of them choked, as though brilliant insects thronged them, by the heaving and torch-bearing revelers. Every roof and ledge and lintel was deep in the saltpeter snow, and, in the lamplight, everything flashed white and gold.

As the little boat drew further off into the night, an exact reflection of the magical and triangular city hung in the still water like a bright honeycomb. Joining along the bright line of the waterfront, the two towns grew together in a golden lozenge. The structure of the submarine city swayed for a few moments in the ripples left by the oars and then, as the soft dislocation subsided, cohered once more in silent and shining congruency.

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AFTER an hour's silent rowing the light ahead began slowly to grow a little larger and the ship began to appear with more distinctness. The port lantern hanging in the shrouds revealed that she was a schooner of considerable size. Her bowsprit, supported by a golden mermaid, pointed south. But the lack of wind had removed all hazard from the chase, and halting a minute, Sosthène and Berthe and Gentilien discussed their tactics.

If they were denied permission to board they would shout to Josephine and try to persuade her to return. If this should fail, or if Josephine were not allowed to talk to them, which could hardly be possible, they would row astern, learn the name of the schooner, and severely harangue the captain and the crew; inform them of the guilty transaction to which — no doubt in all innocence! — they were accomplices; roundly summon them to surrender Jo-

sephine, after which, if they chose, they could sail away to the devil with the precious Sciocca. Failing this (they would shout), the pursuers could return to Plessis and follow them the moment the wind rose in the Count's cutter, and chase them wherever they went. If the calm lasted until they got to the shore they would return at once with a posse of police and, if necessary, with the entire population of Plessis; seize Josephine from their midst, put every man jack aboard under arrest, and impound the schooner — that is, if they could hold the population back from setting her on fire outright. In all these deliberations it was Sosthène who took the initiative; and when they stooped over their oars again, Berthe could see, by the distant glow of Plessis, that his face had kindled with anticipation. When, almost alongside, he leaned forward, touched her on the knee, and said, "On y va!" she saw that his teeth were bared in a smile.

But, instead of hostility, they were hailed by friendly greetings from a row of dark figures leaning over the side. The rope ladder was down and, as it had been preconcerted, Sosthène, followed by Gentilien and then by Berthe, sped up the wooden steps. A newly lighted lantern, hung from the mast to supplement the port and starboard lights, revealed a schooner as white with saltpeter snow as though she were made of icing sugar and rigged with a web of rock crystal. Gripping the shrouds — the sudden pressure shaking out clouds of snow from the ropes — they hoisted themselves over the bulwarks and jumped down to the schooner's deck.

"These three figures," Berthe said, "a French officer of oddly juvenile appearance with his uniform in rags, an elderly Negro with powdered hair, dressed in black velvet and gold lace and silver buckles like a Haitian king, and, lastly, a fair-haired young woman in an elaborate green taffeta ball dress and bare feet, suddenly materializing out of the night and alighting one after the other on the planks — the first two grasping cutlasses like a boarding party at the battle of Lepanto — struck wonder and bewilderment that were obviously unfeigned into the hearts of the little community that had formed a semicircle in the lantern light.

"They were all Negroes, and at their center, with steel-rimmed spectacles shining on his long bony face, stood one of the tallest men I have ever seen. Behind him was standing a smaller man with a stone jar under his arm and three glasses clenched between the fingers of his outstretched hand in a gesture of welcome. There was a long silence. The tall figure in spectacles was the first to recover. He raised a broad-brimmed hat and shook hands with us in turn, bidding us gravely welcome in English to the schooner *Edith Fan* of Carriacou in the Grenadines, of which he, Roderick Graham, was captain.

"It took less than two minutes' talk and a freely granted permission to look all over the ship to

prove that nobody on board had the faintest idea of the matter in hand. The *Edith Fan* was on her way back from Basseterre in St. Kitts, where she had taken a cargo of the ponies that Captain Graham's brother, a Seventh Day Adventist like himself, bred in Carriacou. They had taken on a cargo of grain in Antigua on the return trip and had run into a dead calm as they passed Saint-Jacques a few hours earlier; and when we came on board, they were waiting for the wind that often blows up an hour or two before daybreak. All the captain said was quite plainly the truth. We believed him at once and our hearts sank.

"What, then, had happened to Josephine? She could not possibly hide in the island, so Sciocca must have planned some other way out. I remembered all of a sudden the light I had seen moving through the forest heading for the windward side. Of course! I caught hold of Sosthène and Gentilien and, leading them to the bulwarks, pointed to the black mountainside where the same light, considerably higher now, but still with a long climb to the watershed ahead of it, faintly glimmered — a far remoter will-o'-the-wisp, it immediately struck me, even than the schooner's lantern had first seemed through the fan-topped window in Plessis.

"The high spirits that I thought I had divined in Sosthène just before we boarded the schooner, which had, rather naturally, subsided for a moment at the total failure of our expedition, suddenly, and to me inexplicably at first, revived at this sudden sharp twist in our affairs. The plan of elopement became as plain as daylight as Sosthène explained it, and Gentilien and I nodded in agreement as his eager voice reconstructed the flight. The Governor had a summer holiday house on windward side at Anse Caraïbe, which is exactly where the watershed path led. It was here that the Government House yacht, the *Felix Faure*, lay permanently at anchor in the only natural harbor on the Atlantic coast of Saint-Jacques. He must have arranged for horses to be waiting at some distance outside the town soon after three o'clock, where he had appointed a rendezvous. Just over the watershed at the Etang du Cacique — a hamlet on the edge of a bottomless tarn below the *chaudières* — a change of horses would be waiting, or a pony trap a league and a half further on, where the mountain path rejoined the coast road that looped all the way — too long to cover during the hours of nighttime — round the south of the island. And from there it was only one and a half hours to where they could weigh anchor and be off. Once out of the Leeward or the Windward Islands, they were lost.

"We must stop them before they leave Jacobean waters," Sosthène urged. "And we can. With any luck I'll reach Anse Caraïbe by the Piton d'Esnambuc path before the wind rises; and if not, I will chase them in one of the fishing boats there. Gentilien, you must come ashore with me and take a

horse north to Cap d'Ivry and get one of the sloops to put to sea to watch the northern route. He turned to me and said, 'And the southern route, Berthe, is yours.' Before I could speak he had led us both over to the coil of rope where Captain Graham was sitting. Avoiding unnecessary details, he told him what was afoot and said that, though none of us had a centime with us, if he would trust us, his help would be well rewarded. The help we needed was this: Would he, when the wind rose, sail the *Edith Fan* down to Cap d'Estaing, the southernmost point on the island, with me, and intercept the *Felix Faure* or any craft heading down the east coast for the Windwards?

"There was something very urgent and convincing in Sosthène's manner, but nevertheless I was astonished when the captain nodded his long spectacled head and consented. Three of the crew were Jacobeans and the sailor who had offered us the rum as we boarded turned out to be one of the Count's numerous godsons, fittingly named Agénor. He had not seen Sosthène for years and, though he had wondered all along if it were he, had hesitated to ask. After joyful recognitions, Sosthène and Gentilien prepared to set off. Captain Graham was even persuaded to let them have Agénor and the two other Jacobeans to help row the skiff back more quickly to the Mouillage.

"The three sailors and Gentilien were soon down the ladder. I embraced Sosthène, who followed them at once into the boat. The face that looked back over the tiller was transfigured with ardor. Swift strokes carried the skiff out of the lantern's range. Cheerful shouts and the valedictory gleam of a flourished cutlass answered our cries of 'Good luck!' as the darkness hid them.

"The second journey, with twice the number of oarsmen on board, was much faster than the first; but it seemed to last an eternity as I leaned over the bulwarks. Although the schooner was some way out to sea, the beat of drums and the sound of violins from the ballroom floated clearly across the water. Through the captain's spyglass I followed the itinerary of the lantern on the mountainside. The footpath climbed in a long zigzag to a point where the forest ended in a stony ridge of pumice and basalt scree between the crater of the Salpêtrière and Morne d'Esnambuc. There was still a long climb ahead. The road Sosthène prepared to take to Anse Caraïbe lay along a tortuous ledge hacked out of the tufa which overhung a deep and dangerous canyon: a journey full of hazards on foot, still more perilous in the dark on the back of Haïdouk, the fast Cuban horse he planned to take from the stables. Just as the lantern turned the last angle of its climb the small, dark silhouette of the boat appeared in the gold triangle under Plessis and broke the reflected town. I saw them land at the Mouillage and plunge uphill into the frenzied rigadoon with which the whole town was blocked, and begin

to fight their way through the revolving wings and antlers in the Place Hercule. In a few moments they had vanished."

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As Berthe watched, the dim disk at the far end of the spyglass was suddenly turned into a blinding and incandescent ball of light. She felt the alarmed grip of Captain Graham's hand on her shoulder and then two seconds later came a deafening clap of thunder as though the world had been blown in two. The night had vanished. Everything was suddenly brighter than noonday, and from the crater of the Salpêtrière a broad pillar of red and white flame, thickly streaked with black, was shooting into the sky like the fire from a cannon's mouth. It climbed higher every second until it had reached a fierce zenith miles up in the air, and the roar that accompanied its journey was interrupted by hoarse thunderclaps that almost broke the eardrum. A great wave of heat, as though an oven door had been opened, swept over the watchers on the schooner, and the sea, reflecting the conflagration, leaped from the darkness in a smooth and vivid desert. The neighboring islands of Marie Galante, the Saints, Guadeloupe, and Dominica, thus strangely lit up and towering all at once across the intervening leagues, looked almost within touching distance. Fiery fragments from the center of the earth were flying through the sky, and missiles like jagged lumps of fire, coming apart in their flight as liquidly as sealing wax, fell dripping to the water, whose smooth surface was broken up in a moment with a forest of waterspouts and plumes of steam. One of them, about the size, Berthe said, of a hayrick, fell about fifty yards to starboard and set the schooner rocking in a hot cloud of vapor. In a few seconds the blast that held this great flame as rigid as a plumb line from the sky to the overflowing crater must have slackened, for the fiery column began to waver and its summit sank swelling and spreading in broad subsiding coils.

The forests and the canefields were burning savagely in a score of places, and five great fires had broken out in Plessis itself. In the streets, all was panic and turmoil. Antlered and horned figures were leaping into the water and swarming aboard the sloops, and the terraces round the Serindan house were black with dancers in flight. Paralyzed with horror, Berthe thought of the horses rearing and whinnying, of Josephine, still dressed as a black hidalgo, flung this way and that in the heaving saddle among the crackling and blazing trunks, while the flames, tempestuously traveling, roared through the labyrinthine debris of those combustible woods. . . .

The great column had sunk almost level with the crater, and the daylight radiance dwindled to a ghastly crimson glow as the flames curled from the

volcano's lip in a shrinking cauliflower of fire. Some of the crater's wall must have fallen in and blocked the channel. It looked as if the eruption were over.

All these events had happened in the space of seconds and Berthe was still gazing petrified at the dark patch in the burning forest, where she prayed that Josephine might still be alive, when a second blinding flash burst from exactly that place, followed by something which seemed for a moment, by contrast, pitch darkness. For a black cloud had burst out of the volcano's flank far below the crater. The fires inside the mountain had blown a new rift which spread upward toward the streaming *chaudières*. This jagged growing tear revealed the inside of the mountain for a blazing fraction of a second before it was obscured by the rapidly swelling volume of a cloud that came rolling and billowing down toward the town, setting fire to everything in its track. There was a heavy and pillow-soft inevitability in the movements of these oily black convolutions, and now and then, as they rolled forward, they seemed to hang like the folds of a curtain, with a satanic light flickering in the changing pleats. Then it moved onward again, heavy and swelling, and sometimes breaking open for a second or two to show the white and orange whorls of fire that ragged inside.

A deep rumbling groan accompanied this journey of destruction. Now and again the dark mass would kindle from inside, and the black sails of smoke glowed crimson and scarlet and then changed to a soft pink without the seething interior flames once breaking through the containing folds, which momentarily appeared as thin and transparent as the surface of a balloon. At last the entire cloud was growing from the island's side in a great unfolding rose. It slowly faded again into fire-rimmed blackness and all was opaque and impenetrable. Gently it settled over the town and enfolded the houses and spires.

The streets had fallen silent. The citizens had been halted in their flight and then laid low in swathes, as though one invisible sweep of a sickle had reaped them all, by the descending gas which had invaded the capital the moment the mountain-side opened. The flaming Serindan house was the first to disappear, and then the black tide flowed wreathing and eddying over the roofs and down the alleyways. Long before it reached the waterfront, Berthe could see the slender dolphin lampposts drooping like dying flowers before they finally melted away. The ships caught fire and the burning masts and hulls glowed redly for a moment through the cloud as it rolled out over the bay.

Soon the whole island was obscured in the black and all-enveloping volume which, now fed ceaselessly from behind by the widening rent in the side of Saint-Jacques, rose high in the air in a dark flickering wall. Hot black ash as fine as soot had

begun to rain over the schooner, and an overpowering smell of sulphur filled the variable twilight. The captain and the sailors and Berthe had fallen to their knees long ago, and against the crackling and groaning of the hidden conflagration she could hear their deep-voiced wavering prayers.

Berthe sank into silence at this point in her story. "It is hard to convey," she finally went on, "the speed with which all these things happened. It takes a long while to tell and it seemed to last an eternity at the time, but I don't think that more than half an hour can have passed between the first perpendicular uprush of fire and this mobile semidarkness. We watched the black shape in a state of stunned powerlessness. The whole of Saint-Jacques was in dissolution and our only course was to wait until the growing circumference of this terrible cloud should swallow up the *Edith Fan* and its shipload of mercifully asphyxiated corpses. For the sulphurous reek was growing stronger every minute and the volcanic dust kept raining down. Until we bandaged our mouths and noses in cloths dipped in brine, it seemed likely to choke us. It appeared inevitable that the cloud should overtake us, and when a new and strange commotion — a sound of rushing and whirling — began in the air above us we thought the moment had come. The captain's prayers ('O Lord, look down on thy children of Israel, shed Thy mercy on them and save them from the flames') rose in a long cry of despair. But the air began to lose its fearful heat and the fall of burning soot grew thinner. The cloud's soft progress over the water halted and its edges began to creep backward again as though the ghostly mass were drawing in its skirts. It lifted from the sea; and flowing back on itself in an immense and uniformly evolving coil encompassing the island, the entire shadowy mass, spiked with lightning and accompanied by claps of thunder, rolled into the sky and joined the rain clouds which had hung motionless there for days.

"All was suddenly light again. The sea was a brilliant disk and the surrounding archipelago reappeared. From the shore to the crest of the Salpêtrière, the island was ablaze. The sudden uprush of wind gathered and combed the flames into a roaring scarlet shock of hair streaked with black tresses of soot from half a dozen new holes torn in the sides of the mountain. A cool breath of wind from the open sea crossed the schooner's deck in the direction of the island and then, growing in strength every second, broke up the sea into great waves. One of them lifted the vessel skyward and sent her with a lurch into a hollow and then to the top of another tall hill of water. We had all risen from our knees to grasp the shrouds or the bulwarks for support. At that moment the groaning of the fires from the island grew to a fierce crackling roar and the huge tangle of flames fanned over to one side and stretched away southwest.

"Plessis, clear all at once of the smoke and the

obscuring wall of flames, was unrecognizable. Only the scarlet bones of the Serindan house remained, a few broken walls of Government House, two gutted belfries, the round bastions and the lighthouse and one or two of the statues. The rest had vanished. The streets were choked with a burning igneous rubble or they had become rivers of lava which flowed streaming and hissing into the sea. Every valley had turned into one of these sluggish streams of fire and the shape of the island itself appeared to have changed. Even the rocks, those great bare shoulders of tufa and basalt jutting through the flattened blaze of the forests, shone red-hot.

"Watching the steady horizontal drift of the flames, the sailors realized what had happened long before I did. 'Praise the Lord!' the captain shouted. The sailors were flying up the rigging and their voices sounded from mast to mast as they moved along the spars. The sails were flung free and each expanse of canvas filled with a smack until the red night overhead was crowded with canvas that flapped for a moment and then bellied taut. The captain was twirling the wheel and bringing the bowsprit round till it pointed due west. The swinging booms were made fast and the *Edith Fan* bounded across the waves. For the Trade Winds had revived.

"The flames, meanwhile, were all driving southwestward, and as the schooner drew away, we could see the great barrier of smoke stretching from the leaning bonfire across bright miles of sea in the direction of the windward slopes of Dominica. As I gazed back over the poop through the spyglass, the island itself appeared all at once to be moving. The southern side was slipping lower in a smooth white-hot subsidence, until, accompanied by a long rumble of fire and falling rock, the entire mass of Morne d'Esnambuc — the forested peak where we had so often picnicked — began to fall away. Used as my eyes had become that night to strangeness and horror, I thought that they or my mind must have been affected. But the cries of the sailors proved that it was no illusion. The island was coming apart. The fissure that had spread from the watershed between the Morne and the Salpêtrière was opening in a fiery yawn. As the jaws widened a long orange tongue of flame curled out and lazily upward and then twisted away into the current of the Trade Winds. Morne d'Esnambuc, split now from the watershed to the sea, tilted outward. Its base was giving. Slowly the overhanging peak broke away and overturned with a shattering detonation and an avalanche of many million tons of red-hot mineral. Immense burning bits detached themselves and rolled thundering through the forests or bounded far from the island while the main body of the mountain turned through a slow arc of ninety degrees and collapsed into the sea in the heart of an enormous rising palisade of water and steam.

"A tidal wave threw the schooner this way and that with a violence that threatened to break her timbers apart, then fled away toward the horizon in a widening ring. The steady drive of the Trade Winds carried us further off and everything began changing fast. Flames were pouring from the exposed heart of the mountain; a wall of vapor now surrounded the broken island, and the hiss of steam was almost as loud as the roar and the crackle of the flames. As the distance increased and the blur of steam grew thicker it got harder to see the details of what was happening. Saint-Jacques was now reduced to a steep red triangle growing rapidly smaller; more rapidly, in fact, than seemed natural until I realized that Saint-Jacques was sinking into the ocean.

"Every few minutes the sea was plowed up into ravines of water that looked ready to engulf the ship. Then the sea would lift her, shaking and flooded, to the summit of another great wave. Once she was drawn into a hollow that turned her three times round on herself in a whirlpool before a heavier onrush of water from the east came and lifted her free. Less of the island was visible through the spyglass at the end of each of these contests. Soon only the cone of the Salpêtrière remained above the water, which had now grown unnaturally still. A long fierce flame curling from the crater proved that one channel had remained free of the encroaching salt water, which had sealed the others one by one with hissing explosions of steam. At last only the crater's rim remained above sea level. Then, as we all gazed at the distant red circle and its immense plume of fire, the crater tilted over slowly on its side and the water flowed in and snuffed it almost in silence; and, of course, forever.

"The waves from this last motion of the distant submarine earthquake shook the sea all round us into a storm again and the schooner plunged in the darkness. High overhead and as remote as the Milky Way, the sky was covered by a faint red confetti of small drifting cinders. This was all that remained of the island of Saint-Jacques des Alizés, its mountains and its forests, its beautiful town and the forty-two thousand souls that had lived there till an hour ago. The world had come to an end. *Solvat saeculum in favilla!*"

19

THE silence that followed Berthe's last words was unusually long. "What happened," I asked her finally, "in the end?"

"Oh," her voice sounded very tired. "It's not very interesting. We sailed on in the dark. There was a great wind and at last, though it cannot have been above an hour after the last flame had disappeared, dawn began to break. It was a crimson and violet blur in the east, brightening through the falling soot and cinders into all the colors of the spec-

trum, though the light was as dim as that in mid-winter in northern Europe. The sea was discolored with soot and mud and afloat with branches and debris and sargasso weed and with hundreds of dead fish and dead or tired birds.

"Day broke only just in time, for our many gyrations had driven the *Edith Fan* off her course and carried her within a mile of the northern rocks of Dominica, under a cape called Pointe Baptiste. Another half an hour of darkness would have wrecked her there. I asked to be put ashore, so Captain Graham sailed in close and landed me in a dinghy which they lowered from the deck. A crowd of creole-speaking Negroes helped me ashore, and the schooner sailed away. The Negroes surrounded me and I had to answer a hundred questions, for the events of the night had filled all the neighboring islands with terror and dismay. The horizon where Saint-Jacques had been the nearest landmark was now an empty sweep of sea disfigured by an enormous clay-colored smear."

For the inhabitants of these wild northern reaches of Dominica, it occurred to me, the descent of this fair-haired girl, barefoot in a tattered ball dress, soaking and smeared with soot, and without a possession in the world, alone among strangers on this strange morning, must have seemed an event almost as untoward. An old Negress called Victoria took pity on her, put her arm round her shoulders, and carried her to her hut out of range of the questioners. Putting her on a bed of palm branches, she gave her a long drink of coconut milk. Then, laying one hand on Berthe's forehead, and taking one of Berthe's hands with the other, she told her gently to go to sleep.

"Victoria looked after me," Berthe said, "for a whole month and nursed me through a terrible fever. I used to lie all day long in a hammock strung up between the pimento trees on the headland by her hut at Pointe Baptiste. It overlooked a sandy bay and coral reefs littered with conch shells and the waste of water, which gradually cleared as the days went by, where the mountains of Saint-Jacques had once floated. In the end, Victoria gave me some clothes and took me to the little harbor of Portsmouth and then accompanied me on the boat to the island capital of Roseau. The French Consulate and the British Administrator and the nuns were very kind to me. There was no news of a single survivor from Saint-Jacques. Every soul had perished except me. Ships sailing over the point had found no traces of the island, and repeated soundings proved that it must have sunk to a very great depth.

"With the help of these new friends I made my way to Martinique and French Guiana and finally to Brazil, where I joined a Sisterhood of Poor Clares as an oblate. I stayed with them, working in the slums of Bahia and at various towns up the Amazon, for nearly ten years. I loved this hard work with

the nuns. But I grew restless. So I left them in the end and began giving lessons in Rio. But I longed to live on an island again, so I made my way to the South Seas and then back to Europe and the Mediterranean islands — I seem to have worked through them all in my time. I got a job as a nurse in France during the first war. Finally I settled here. I hope I shall never live anywhere else. A few years before the last war I inherited a small sum of money — just enough to see me out, I think. So I only give lessons for pleasure now — I have always enjoyed teaching. And here I am still."

Her voice sounded tired out. "How strange it is," she said, as we stood up, stretching our limbs, "that a whole island and all the lives on it can vanish without a trace."

"Not quite without a trace," I said.

"How do you mean?" Berthe asked.

"Last year when I was in Dominica and Guadeloupe, fishermen told me that anyone crossing the eastern channel between the islands in carnival time can hear the sound of violins coming up through the water. As though a ball were in full swing at the bottom of the sea."

"Do they?" Berthe's voice had changed entirely. There was a note of surprise and of almost girlish excitement in her voice. In that fainting moonlight the ravaged and magnificent features appeared transfigured, and those gray eyes were suddenly faceted and sparkling under their heavy brows, which, usually frowning, had all at once unknit in two youthful arcs of astonishment and pleasure. "Do they really say that?"

"Yes. They are called the 'violins of Saint-Jacques' or just 'The Count's violins.' Very little is known of the story now and it is seldom connected with the eruption; and to judge from the way they speak, it might all have happened centuries ago. They say they are the fiddles that were played once at a great ball long ago given by a Count in honor of his beautiful daughter."

Berthe seemed too moved to speak. At last she said, "Thank you. Thank you so much for telling me that." I felt certain that if I could have seen her eyes they would have been full of tears. In a few moments she held out her hand under the shadows of an olive tree to say good night and turned away to the path that led to the camp bed where she slept out in summer under the vine trellis. I took the pathway through the olives that led to the cliff's edge. Turning back, I could see her tall solitary figure standing by an ilex among the vines. She lifted her hand and waved, and I climbed down the cliff through the arbutus and tamarisk to the glimmering seashore. The moon, in dying, had revived the faint radiance of the stars, but by the time I reached the town they too were fading, and a faint golden wing of light in the east was darkening the intervening mountaintops of Asia Minor.

(The End)



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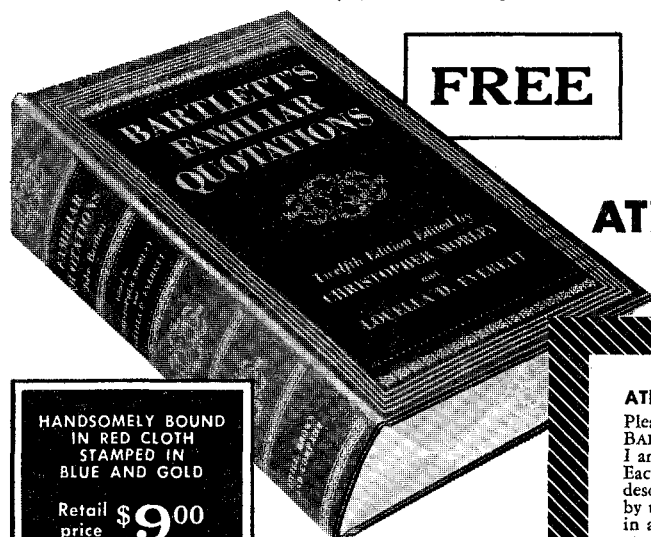
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THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

ON August 17, 1933, James Norman Hall, the traveling member of the Nordhoff and Hall team, set sail from Tahiti bound for Pitcairn Island on a two-master, a 90-ton schooner. The distance was 1200 miles, and to beguile the long, empty days on the Pacific he took with him three books: Sir John Barrow's *Mutiny and Piratical Seizure of H.M.S. Bounty*, a copy of Wordsworth's poems, and — chosen at random — Volume XVIII of his new set of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. On that voyage Jim Hall was destined to be shipwrecked, cast away on Timoe, and most slowly rescued. Through it all he never lost grip of his precious volume of the *Encyclopædia*, and on his return to Tahiti he had completed his "968-page voyage across the MED to MUM sea of human knowledge."

Frequently on my travels I have felt the urge for more knowledge about the country I was passing over or through. I felt it on my first train trip across the continent, when the vast geological differences were so striking. I felt it when I motored from Salt Lake City to Provo, a landscape so clearly marked by the glaciers, again when I took my first ride in a vista-dome to Aspen; I feel it recurrently when I fly over the Painted Desert. The interpretation of landscape and the long sweep of history are seldom available when one is in motion.

We have Walter P. Paepcke, his brilliant editor Herbert Bayer, a master designer of our time, and Container Corporation of America to thank for having at last made such information, such panoramas, available in *World Geo-Graphic Atlas*, surely one of the most edifying and beautiful books ever printed in this country.

It originated in Chicago. A generation ago Walter Paepcke's

father had an atlas done for the Chicago Mill and Lumber Company, which he was then directing. In 1936 Container Corporation, which is fundamentally interested in design, was discussing the possibility of publishing a series of road maps, and Walter Paepcke, remembering his father's example, broadened the suggestion into an atlas. The world has changed radically since 1936; and when, at the end of the Second World War, Mr. Paepcke heard the imaginative ideas Herbert Bayer had for a book which would be "a composite of man's environment," it was agreed that the time had come for a third trial. The third time never fails, and this atlas — which was four and a half years in preparation — this compendium of colored maps, diagrams, graphic aids, illustrations, and explicit text, is in a class by itself.

Most atlases I have worked with are fouled up with too many black lines; even when the maps are excellent individually, they are fatiguing in succession, followed by statistics in a type so fine it paralyzes the eyeball. The genius of Mr. Bayer shows in the way he has aerated this new book, in his use of white space and comfortable margins, in his insistence on type which is clear even when fine, and in the pertinent selection of information he brings to each page. For instance, here is a double-page spread showing the Climates of the Earth. The tinted zones help you to draw your own conclusions as to why certain people behave in certain ways; in addition there is a brief statement of what climate depends upon; tables of the highest and lowest recorded temperatures and, in a single paragraph, the signs indicating that the North Atlantic region is growing warmer. One of the four maps on page 65 shows the Migration Routes on this continent which the Asiatic primitives took after crossing Bering Strait; this page in turn is linked to the ethnographic map on page 168 giving the names and locations of the various tribes when the Indian population had reached a million at the time of Columbus. There are maps of the forty-eight states

(these by Rand McNally, also of Chicago), and on facing pages occupational maps, symbols, illustrations, and eight to ten paragraphs of text which brings out the character of each region in terse and telling words. I thought I was pretty familiar with Maine, Massachusetts, and New Jersey —

I shall be glad to forward to the publishers the letters from Atlantic readers who are interested and would like additional information about the World Geo-Graphic Atlas. — Edward Weeks, Editor, The Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Mass.

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the three I turned to first — but the more fool I!

The major maps of the foreign countries are the work of an Italian cartographic institute, and the de Agostini Brothers are craftsmen whose use of color for emphasis surpasses anything else I have seen. Here again the insertion of the white page with its graphic aids to swift understanding provides just the right amount of information and relief. The text and maps dealing with the countries now behind the iron curtain I found especially fascinating in their elucidation.

World Geo-Graphic Atlas was printed in an edition of 30,000 copies at an out-of-pocket cost in excess of \$400,000. Copies were sold at a discount to employees of Container Corporation; there has been a distribution to libraries and educational institutions, to customers and friends, and a limited number are being released to the public at \$25 a volume. But the question of a second printing is sure to arise in the fairly near future. I believe there are a number of *Atlantic* readers who would be interested in knowing more about this book and, once they have seen it, in obtaining a copy if one could be secured. To my way of thinking, it is the most concise, far-ranging, and colorful atlas I have ever seen. Not a book to travel with, for of necessity it is a book of size; rather it is a book which opens the mind and informs you before you travel.

Good as gold

Eudora Welty began winning honors for herself, and incidentally for the *Atlantic*, with her short stories, the first of which we published in 1941. A Mississippian, she writes of the Delta South and of the Negro and the white with an unsegregated heart. In her novel, *Delta Wedding*, she wrote of "kin folk," of a boisterous, improvident family in a ramshackle old mansion so real you felt you had been there. Now, in *The Ponder Heart* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.00), Miss Welty has disclosed even more skillfully and tenderly the vagaries, the loyalty, and the experience of a fading gentility.

There was nothing fading about Grandpa Ponder, who was rich as Croesus, lived in the big place on the outskirts of Clay, and dominated everyone who came within his range. By the time this story opens he had subdued and buried his wife and driven off every member of the immediate family save two. Grandpa was of the old school and "wanted people to measure up"; but that was more than he could hope for in the case of his only remaining son, Daniel, big, handsome, and balmy, who never did a lick of work, had a passion for giving things away, and who, after he was forty, began to pursue the fairer sex with his impetuous generosity. The wonder was he didn't give away Grandpa. Grandpa's ally and comforter is Edna Earle, a spinster with spunk and his granddaughter. Edna Earle presides over "The Beulah," a Southern boarding-

house to stop the clock; it had once been part of the family estate and had been "given" to her by Uncle Daniel.

This is Edna Earle's story and she tells it in a rhythmical Southern monologue, confiding, defending, condemning, the honeysuckle flavoring of her words so beautifully at odds with her native shrewdness. Through Edna Earle's eyes we see the sleepy little town of Clay and the value of everyone who counts. We see Miss Teacake Magee who sings in the Baptist choir — indeed, who sings at every function, including her marriage to Uncle Daniel. We see Ovid Springer, the traveling salesman, for whom Edna Earle had more than a little affection; Judge Tip Clanahan, the family lawyer, and Bonnie Dee Peacock, the yellow fluffy doll from Polk, Uncle Daniel's second wife who ran him off the place. We see Grandpa and Narciss, who cooks for him, crazily drives the Studebaker, and goes for the doctor when there is trouble.

This is an encompassing, heartfelt story, absurd, true, and pathetic by turns, memorably vivid in the big scenes in the courthouse and at the funeral, and informed from first to last with an intimacy that makes it live.

William Sansom, one of the most gifted practitioners of the short story in England, has produced a remarkable sequence of travel narratives in his new book, *The Passionate North* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50). Each of these is a foray into the North — the polar lands where the Lapps live, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and the uplands and islands of Scotland. The author is acutely observant as he writes about the snowy scenery, the picturesque ports, the exciting cold and the warmth, amorous and alcoholic, which the natives engender against it. His capacity for vivid detail and turn of phrase is uncommon — there is savoring and choice of language throughout, and the finest of the stories, "To Greenland, To Greenland . . .," "A World of Glass," "A Wedding," "The Girl on the Bus," are written with deep human understanding. The art in this book is constantly surprising: we find ourselves in strange and attractive places, and while we are looking at the sights are caught up in an unexpected dramatic situation.

Not many authors can write a light, sardonic, irreverent novel without at the end beginning to josh their own story. Mary Manning, playwright and novelist with a zany sense of humor, has avoided this pitfall in her new book, *Lovely People* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.00). She centers her story on a rich old Cambridge eccentric, and the question is, Can he protect himself from his avaricious next of kin — nephews and nieces in this case — who are out for all they can get? I wager no reader will foresee the denouement or question the stratagem of law on which it depends. This is fun.

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save up to 50% of what
you've been accustomed
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By **NORMAN FORD**

Unfortunately, it's not easy to shop around for real travel values—for many of the best low cost vacations never are advertised. Yet the secret of guaranteeing a new, different and exciting vacation is to learn the hundreds of things you can do and the places you can visit on the money you want to spend.

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Of course Norman Ford knows where to get real vacation bargains from Maine to California and in Canada, Mexico, etc. At no time does he ask you to spend a lot of money to enjoy yourself, no matter how really different and exciting is the vacation you choose through his experienced advice. Always, he tells you the many things you can do within your budget and how to get more for your money. If you travel by car, he shows how most auto parties can save \$6 and \$7 a day.

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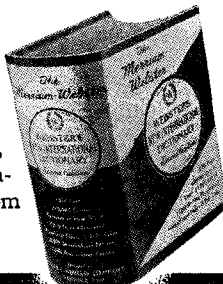
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BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



ONE of the hideous paradoxes of
our time is that those American ex-
Communists who had treason to con-
fess to and could denounce their fel-
low traitors are now regarded, in
some quarters, as paragons of virtue;
whereas those onetime Party mem-
bers who were not so fanatical as
to become entrapped in the under-
ground, and who therefore have noth-
ing sensational to reveal, are incapa-
ble of proving, to Senator McCarthy's
satisfaction, that they are not still
Communists. A case in point is
James A. Wechsler, 38-year-old edi-
tor of the *New York Post*, whose hor-
rible but victorious encounter with
the Senator's Investigating Commit-
tee prompted him to write his polit-
ical testament: *The Age of Suspi-
cion* (Random House, \$3.75).

The first part of the book is a
frank and at times wryly amusing
account of Wechsler's youthful in-
volvement with Communism as a
Columbia student in the mid-thirties.
The second part describes his subse-
quent newspaper career and anti-
Communist activities. The third sec-
tion is perhaps the most unchal-
lengeable indictment of McCarthy's
methods that has appeared to date,
for never before have the facts and
issues been quite so clear-cut.

Mr. Wechsler has frequently ac-
knowledgeed in print that he was
a member of the Youth Communist
League from the age of eighteen to
twenty-two; and some years back he
made a detailed statement of his past
connections to the F.B.I. Since he
broke away from the Party in 1937,
Wechsler has established an imposing
record as a militant anti-Communist.
While working on *PM*, he was active
in the struggle against the pro-Com-
munist clique on the paper and
against Communists within the News-
paper Guild: the *Daily Worker* has
time and again assailed him as a
"red-baiter." His fighting stand
against Communism as editor of the
New York Post is easily verified, and
his editorial on the Hiss case elicited
the congratulations of Richard Nixon.

Wechsler was summoned by the
McCarthy Committee ostensibly be-

cause books he had written had been
found in USIS libraries abroad; but
the Committee was unable to identify
the books, and the title mentioned by
McCarthy to the press was strongly
anti-Communist. The Senator, more-
over, did not contest Wechsler's rec-
ord of anti-Communism; he blandly
asserted that there was no better way
of serving Communism than to ac-
quire a record such as Wechsler's.

McCarthy hinged his charges
that Wechsler was a Communist on
two sinister fantasies: namely, that
anyone who criticizes McCarthy is a
supporter of Communism, and that
the only way of establishing that a
real break with Communism has been
made is to denounce someone not
hitherto proved to be a Communist.

Wechsler's conduct before the Com-
mittee made it impossible for Mc-
Carthy to brand him an uncoöpera-
tive witness, and the Senator's naked
attempt to intimidate one of his most
effective critics ended in failure. Nev-
ertheless, Wechsler's stirring and im-
portant story dramatizes only too
forcibly that the spread of know-
nothingness has become our gravest
political threat.

"Art is conquest"

The Psychology of Art by **André
Malraux** has recently made a fresh
appearance in a widely revised,
greatly enlarged, and much improved
version entitled *The Voices of Si-
lence* (Doubleday, \$25.00). This
is a work that will endure: a work
rich in the fruits of a brilliant, prob-
ing mind, a dynamic imagination, and
a profoundly sensitive response to
the art of all ages and cultures. It is
a book full of beauty—the 465
reproductions are of superb quality,
and they are rewardingly integrated
with the text. It is also a difficult
book, for Malraux deploys a phenom-
enal erudition with the assumption
that his reader is similarly equipped;
he compresses into a flashing sentence
what calls for a paragraph; and his
exposition is more passionate than
orderly.

The Roman coin, the Oriental car-
pet, the sculpture of the Druses, the
prow of a Viking ship, have their
place in this panoramic study of the
nature and function of art. Art works
far removed from each other in time
and space are continually drawn to-
gether, and our awareness of their
similarities and differences is sharp-
ened and enlarged.

The first part of the book explores

the theme that photography has brought into being a "Museum Without Walls"; for the first time mankind has access, through reproductions, to almost the entire realm of art. This, Malraux argues, has altered our concept of what constitutes a masterpiece: the artist's supreme work is not his most "finished" but his most personal, the one in which his style reaches its climax.

Malraux then traces the evolution of modern art and defines its special character. He starts off from the familiar premise that the artist does not reproduce reality but transforms it according to a given scheme of values. In the art of the past, says Malraux, the transformation of forms was governed by a religious credo, or an ideal of beauty, or, in the Baroque, a wish to achieve "sublime theater." The modern artist, he claims, has had a unique insight into the essence of art. Rejecting extra-aesthetic values, unreconciled to his culture, but refusing to accept chaos, he seeks to create his own individual universe.

Parts II and III are concerned with stylistic influences and the creative process. A style, to Malraux, is the badge of a culture. Each style is the product of a revolt against a previous style, for the artist is not inspired by nature but by the artists who have preceded him: "It is not the sight of a supremely beautiful woman but a supremely beautiful painting that launches a painter on his career." The final section returns to modern art and elaborates the thesis that, in this age of negation and despair, art is a sort of substitute religion.

Archaeologist, soldier of fortune, onetime Communist, wartime Resistance leader, novelist, philosopher, and right-hand man of de Gaulle, Malraux, throughout his career, has been obsessed with the problem of man's fate. This concern is the energizing force behind *The Voices of Silence*. The book substantiates the thesis that, through art, civilizations do not altogether die but transmit a heritage; through the work of art man speaks with an undying voice.

At bottom, *The Voices of Silence* is a passionate attempt to assert a humanist absolute. Malraux finds this absolute in the creative process: he sees the creative process as a salvation in itself, a "conquest" of man's fate. It wrenches man from the world in which he must submit to insignificance and death, and enables him to enter a world of which he is

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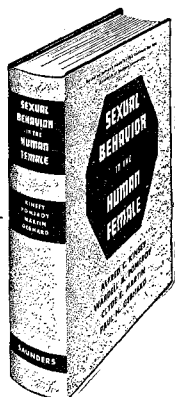
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the ruler. It is the triumph of the Human over the Absurd.

"Delirious geometry"

Simone de Beauvoir, who made quite a splash last year with *The Second Sex*, visited the United States for four months in 1947, and the book which resulted from this trip has now belatedly been published in English: *America Day by Day* (Grove, \$4.00). Mlle. de Beauvoir's diary contains a fair amount of provocative comment and a certain number of telling critical insights along with surface impressions—some sharp, many downright silly—and sweeping generalizations which run the gamut from banality to bosh. Though often hugely irritating, this existentialist's-eye view of the American scene is lively reading.

Looking at New York "with the astonishment of a blind man who has just got back his sight," Mlle. de Beauvoir was enchanted by the "delirious geometry" of the skyscrapers. The Third Avenue El, she found, was "like a tender memory." American women, however, shocked her by the "violently feminine character" of their clothes, which she took as distressing evidence of their "servility" to men.

Mlle. de Beauvoir went West and liked the wide, open spaces. The gardens of Charleston struck her as the most beautiful she had ever seen. But an unconscionably large part of her sightseeing was devoted to the seamier side of life, which seems to hold a hypnotic attraction for the pious existentialist. She lingered, fascinated, in the Bowery; attended a marijuana party in a New York hotel; spent the greater part of her first brief stay in Chicago savoring the slums; sought out the tougher sort of night club in most of the towns she visited. She went to trashy movies, spent night after night listening to jazz, and dutifully cultivated a taste for whisky: for jazz, whisky, and trashy movies were the keys with which she hoped to enter into American experience.

Among the credit items, there are good passages on the isolation of the writer in America; on the sterility and psychoses of some of our ex-Communist intellectuals; on the unparalleled creativity and the ubiquitous escapism, the enthusiasm and the emptiness, that coexist in American life. The pages which remind us that Simone de Beauvoir has a

first-rate mind make it doubly exasperating that what she was most eager to find and most ready to be charmed by should have been those aspects of American life celebrated in tough-guy novels, movies about the underworld, westerns, and the mystique of jazz.

Grecian parable

The Greek Passion (Simon & Schuster, \$4.00), which arrives with tributes from Thomas Mann and Albert Schweitzer, is the second novel to be published in the United States by Nikos Kazantzakis, whose *Zorba the Greek* was well received last year. The setting is a small Greek village in Turkish Anatolia after the First World War, and the plot is derived from the Christian Passion Story.

The destitute survivors of a Greek village sacked by the Turks arrive in Lycovrissi seeking asylum. But the prosperous Elders angrily refuse them succor, and they march off into the barren mountains.

Lycovrissi has just selected the cast that will perform the Passion Play the following year, and those chosen to portray the Holy Ones begin to feel a change within themselves, a desire to live up to their roles in the Passion. The Christ, the gentle shepherd Manolios—after being tested by a loathsome disease and proving his faith—joins the refugees and sets out to be their savior. The Apostle John, son of the village's wealthy leader, tries to turn over his land to the unfortunates. The Apostles Peter and James—one a not-too-honest peddler, the other owner of a café—follow in the footsteps of Manolios. The Mary Magdalen, the village prostitute, after failing to seduce Manolios, becomes filled with his faith and gives her life to save others. But those seeking to act in the spirit of Christ provoke the fury of the selfish; and savage turmoil takes hold of Lycovrissi.

Mr. Kazantzakis is unquestionably a writer with large creative powers. His novel is thickly peopled with vivid, strikingly individual characters; his storytelling is dexterous, flowing, and richly inventive; his touch is both vigorous and tender. Some readers will find this novel a refreshingly different product from most contemporary fiction, and some will find it a bit old-fashioned for their taste. For better or for worse, *The Greek Passion* has the flavor of a parable enlarged to epic dimensions.

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Potpourri

THE JOKER by Jean Malaquais. Double-day, \$3.95.

M. Malaquais's hero, a salesman of cosmetics, suddenly finds himself cast adrift from his identity; he has lost his signature, his wife, and his home. One gathers, presently, that he is in effect being liquidated by the City, a baleful entity which invisibly exercises total control over its citizens. As Javelin struggles to get back to reality, he plunges deeper and deeper into nightmare.

Javelin's encounter with Dominique — a lustful hysteric in whose apartment a metronome keeps ticking — and with the sinister Dr. Babitch, recently promoted from blowing wind up women's skirts to "psychologist"; the visit to the magazine which has never known the whereabouts of its circulation department; the birth certificate which is taken to be a certificate of death; the mysterious telephone calls and the general sense of menace closing in — all this is strongly reminiscent of Franz Kafka. At his best, Malaquais's nightmarish effects are worthy of Kafka, but his novel as a whole demonstrates the importance of being Franz.

THE FUTURE OF ARCHITECTURE by Frank Lloyd Wright. Horizon, \$7.50.

A collection — embellished by superb photographs — of Mr. Wright's lectures and other dicta over the last fifty years. It sets forth his ideas on the relation of buildings to landscape and on the function of houses; reiterates his contempt for Renaissance architecture; proposes cures for traffic congestion. While Wright's first concern is with architectural principle and practice, he includes some engaging side lights on his own character and some lively theories about the world at large. An author who is both so highly original an artist and so stubbornly opinionated a man is almost incapable of being dull.

HOW TO LIE WITH STATISTICS by Darrell Huff. Norton, \$2.95.

"A well-wrapped statistic," says the author, "is better than Hitler's 'big lie'; it misleads, yet it cannot be pinned on you." Mr. Huff's genial monograph, irreverently illustrated by Irving Geis, shows how statistics can be employed — within the bounds of propriety — to sensationalize, inflate, confuse, and oversimplify. It exposes "the sample with the built-in bias"; the "Gee Whiz"-chart; the case of the disproportioned Pictograph. It shows that the dearly beloved "average" comes in three sizes: large, medium, and small — the same data can be made to yield an average of 15,000, 5000, and 3500, depending on whether you choose the mean, the modal, or the median. This is a pleasantly subversive little book, guaranteed to undermine your faith in the almighty statistic.

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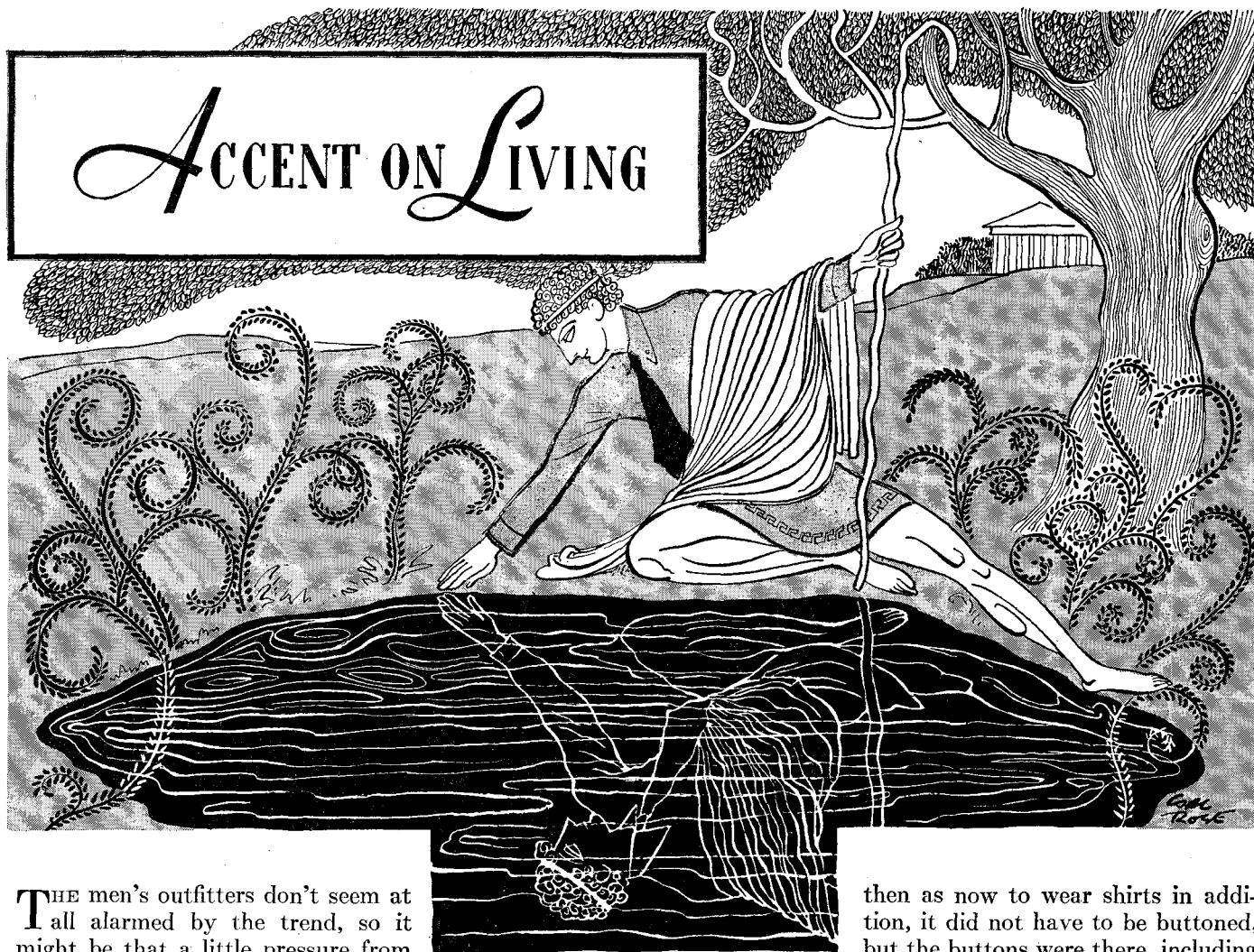
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ACCENT ON LIVING



THE men's outfitters don't seem at all alarmed by the trend, so it might be that a little pressure from the women would be helpful, but something ought to be done about the V-neck shirt and pajama effects now being palmed off on the American male. A line in a novel of some years back sums up my own misgivings on the subject. "All men with their collars off," remarked the wife in this novel to her husband, "look like picked chickens." The novel was written in the days when men wore detachable collars, yet the force of this woman's utterance has impressed me ever since. She was right, and all who are tempted by sport shirts, V necks, and shawl collars should take thought before indulging the picked-chicken motif.

The shawl collar, for instance, is now standard on dressing gowns. This may be all very well for a man who is inordinately proud of his manubrium — wouldn't Narcissus have fared more happily in a shirt that buttoned all the way up? — and there may be a physical culturist or two whose sternoclavicular peculiarities are worth a second glance, but few of us are at our best in such exposures. The shawl collar gets to-

gether with itself somewhere around the tenth rib. This obliges a man to keep clutching its upper folds together by hand, while ministering to the needs of the unexpected guest or writing a check for the cleaning woman and at the same time smoking a cigarette.

The men in the advertisements solve shawl-collar gape simply by never wearing a dressing gown except over a shirt, or by swathing themselves in elegant silk mufflers, or stocks, which are far too warm to wear around the house. These men show no understanding of the dressing gown's emergency value — a utility to fling on in a hurry while bolting from the shower to the front door, a bed-to-breakfast coverall which needs to say nothing at all of what other garments, if any, it conceals. Why bother with a dressing gown if one has to get dressed first?

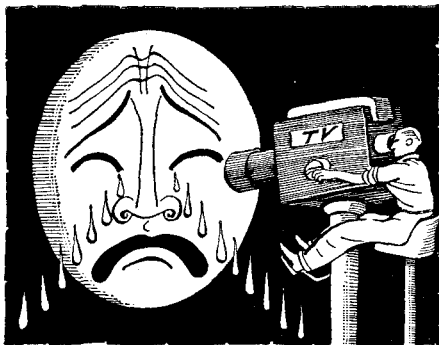
The useful dressing gown, up to a few years ago, had an ordinary collar with lapels or revers, like a pajama jacket, and buttons. For the men in the catalogue cuts, who preferred

then as now to wear shirts in addition, it did not have to be buttoned, but the buttons were there, including a crucial top button which protected the wearer from even the most hostile scrutiny. The effect was neat and absolutely noncommittal.

But buttons have gone, replaced by the "wrap-around" theory, and to ask for them on today's dressing gown is like asking for the raiment of an Indian prince: it would have to be made to order, one is told, and the price would be grievously high. The V-neck pajama is even worse than the wrap-arounds — a sack, with sleeves, and a hole in it for the wearer's head, surely the unloveliest piece of merchandise ever offered (sealed in cellophane) even by the haberdashery department of a cigar-store chain.

There is small likelihood that most men wearing the open-neck style of garment are going to be mistaken for Greek gods; neither do they conjure up the portraits of Lord Byron, the great sport-shirt man of his day. More probably — and their women-folk ought to tell them so — will they be found to resemble André François's Tattooed Sailor, only lacking, unhappily, the tattooing.

CHARLES W. MORTON



GOLD AMONG THE BOO-HOOS

by EDWIN O'CONNOR

EDWIN O'CONNOR has written several articles about radio and television for these pages. He is the author of *The Oracle*, the central character of which is an omniscient and thoroughly fraudulent network commentator.

ANYONE who happens to be a middle-aged woman in desperate financial circumstances, saddled with a large family of undernourished children, and wedded to a shabby, sparrow-sized unemployable whose ill health is rivaled only by her own, has fairly bright prospects: she is a natural for television. Any woman so equipped can, with little effort and no experience, become a star performer on "Strike It Rich" or any other of the half-dozen network television shows which are now regularly available to the public, and which have discovered in human misery the Comstock Lode.

The discovery was not a "television first." Long before television came along, radio had learned, to its delighted surprise, that heartbreak was not only highly marketable, it was also dirt cheap. A handful of anonymous actors submerging themselves in a ten-cent wallow of tears: here was the beginning of the soap opera. Tears fell like rain and so, gratifyingly, did the operating costs, for radio soon found out that underlying the presentation of grief there is a great democratic principle: *anyone can cry*. No special high-priced talent is required for weeping.

Television did not discover cheap misery, although it profited greatly by the discovery. Week in and week out it presents such misery in ever-increasing amounts; in this sense it can, with justification, boast of being far more miserable than radio ever was. But the specific contribution of television to grief was to make it *visible*.

This was the great drawback to radio grief: the public could hear the people crying, but *it couldn't see the tears*. Television has remedied this defect. Now, when the mother explains to the sympathetic announcer how her little boy fell under the wheels of the passing car, the public can not only hear her, it can also watch her face.

Quite a number of women are invited to tell their troubles to announcers on television, for here grief is channelized into the quiz-program format: there are contestants chosen from the public before the program goes on the air; there is a master of ceremonies; there are questions; there are prizes, to be handed over once the contestant has sobbed for her supper. All contestants who appear on these programs have stories of misfortune to tell; each program becomes a study in competitive distress.

Yet while grief is plentiful on television, it does not become monotonous, for those in charge of the programs take pains to offer variety in catastrophe. On a program called "The Wheel of Fortune," viewers were treated to a mixed diet of a small boy who had fallen forty-five feet off a railroad trestle and who, although injured, had not died; a telephone linesman who was badly burned after having been lashed by a broken high-voltage wire; a mother whose daughter had fallen into an abandoned well; a lunatic fox. Or rather, not the fox in person; just the fox's picture, held up before the camera.

"Yes, this is a fox!" cried the master of ceremonies. "And what would *you* do if *you* were a little girl who was attacked by a *crazed fox*?"

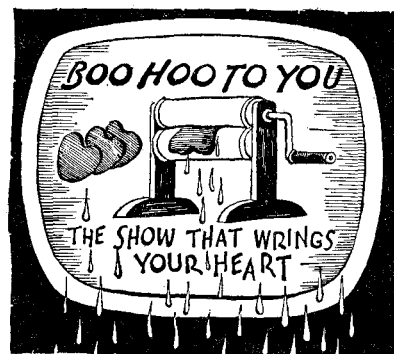
The answer seemed to be that you would go on television. At least that's what the little girl in question did. She told the master of ceremonies how the crazed fox had not injured her, although it had chewed up her little brother a bit. Since "The Wheel of Fortune" is also known as "The show that believes that one good turn deserves another!" the little girl was then awarded prizes suitable for one who has escaped being eaten by a crazy fox: a wrist watch, a hair dryer, an automatic washing machine, a fountain pen, hosiery, and many other desirable personal possessions. On these programs, no cloud is without its silver lining.

Yet the grief on "The Wheel of Fortune" is relatively mild, as television grief goes; it does not begin to

compare with that offered by "On Your Account," a daily program set in a mythical bank, whose slogan is: "Our greatest asset is . . . Friendship." One hears a lot of talk about Friendship, Good Neighbors, and Helping Hands on most of these programs, the idea being that no matter how deep the hole you're in, there's always a Pal to pull you out. The Pal of "On Your Account" is master of ceremonies Win Elliot, who sets about being a Pal by handing each contestant a box of the detergent which sponsors the show, and inviting her to Tell All, as long as it's sad.

Confession time on this program takes place in a cozy part of the bank; the Pal and his guests are seated in front of a large knitted sampler which reads, "Friendship Corner." Gathered in the corner with the Pal one afternoon were a woman whose only child had set the house on fire and had died in the flames; a Korean veteran who could find no home for himself and his family; and a woman who had four adopted children, all of them mentally retarded. These guests told their stories in some detail; then, at the end of the program, just to make sure that no one had missed a vagrant tear, Pal Elliot recapitulated the story of each, while the camera focused full on the face of the troubled one. The prizes were then distributed: they are called "Friendship Dividends." The Friendly Bank, as you may gather, is a mighty cheery place these winter afternoons.

"Welcome Travelers" is a program not unlike "On Your Account," although it's about twice as friendly for the simple reason that it has twice as many Pals. This show is directed by two masters of ceremonies, Bob Cunningham and Tommy Bartlett.



Both are splendid examples of the Pal type. The Pal, by the way, is not quite like the usual master of ceremonies on television: he is graver and considerably less ebullient. Oc-

asionally, faced by unbearable grief, he utters a sympathetic groan rather difficult to reproduce in print; a reasonably close equivalent would be: "Goowwww!" Thus: —

WOMAN: And so when my husband died I was out of work, so then I caught pneumonia, and then my baby caught it, and then our house burned down and all my life's savings were in the piano and that burned too.

PAL: Goowwww!

The co-Pals of "Welcome Travelers" have plenty of opportunity to groan in this manner, for they specialize in the encounter with the pitiful. All interviews here are held at a table, over which hangs a huge box of the detergent, which sponsors *this* program. Invariably there is an interesting assemblage of guests. "This man's story begins six years ago at the bedside of his dying wife!" says Pal Cunningham. The man then tells the story of how his wife died of cancer, following which he proceeds to the piano and plays a hymn that was a particular favorite of his dead wife. Pal Bartlett next introduces an army wife who has "experienced inhuman cruelty and the depths of despair." Pal Cunningham returns with a set of middle-aged twins who are suffering from progressive muscular dystrophy; their story is brightened by an absorbing human-interest detail.

"By sheer coincidence," says Pal



Cunningham, "the disease has progressed at the same rate in both cases, so that both sisters were confined to their wheel chairs at the same time!"

It's that long arm of coincidence which saves the situation every time.

Perhaps the most popular — and certainly the most available — of all the television grief shows is "Strike It Rich," which may be seen for a half hour every morning, Monday through Friday, and then again for a half hour every Wednesday night. Aware of the competition, it lists

itself as "The *Original Show with a Heart!*" And indeed, hearts are all over the place: they are plastered on the walls; there is a telephone which is called the Heart Line, over which is suspended a great Heart which glows when the phone rings, promising succor to the afflicted.

The Pal on this program is Warren Hull, and a busy Pal he is, what with answering the Heart Line, saying hello to all the Helping Hands, and passing out giant-sized boxes of still another detergent to all the troubled contestants (on television as on radio, soap and grief have a peculiar and inviolable affinity for each other). After distributing the detergents, he is ready for the interview with the Brooklyn woman whose crippled son, having had four operations on his hip, is soon to be released from the hospital; he will come home to find his mother jobless and without money to buy food or clothing. The Pal moves on to a young Chinese artist, a polio victim who needs a new orthopedic brace and a long-overdue operation, but has the money for neither. Finally, there is a weeping woman, the mother of four children, who is to be evicted from her home at three o'clock that very afternoon. There is the possibility that the pathos in this situation may escape the audience. Pal Hull moves quickly: —

HULL: And your four little children, they're in school right now?

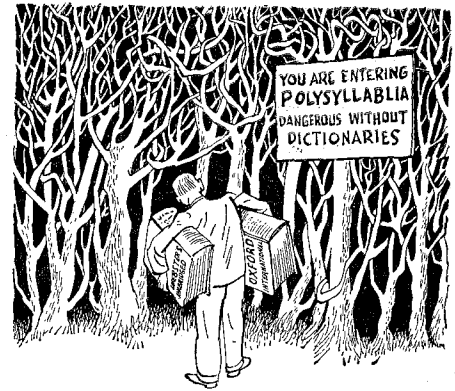
WOMAN: Yes, sir.

HULL: And those little children, when they get out of school at three o'clock, they'll come running home, only to find their mommy on the street?

WOMAN (sobbing): Yes, sir.

HULL: Goowwww!

He is deeply moved, you see, as is everyone connected with the production of a grief show on television: the audiences who cry with the troubled ones; the troubled ones themselves, who are given an assist out of their distress; the sponsors of the programs, for whom philanthropy happily coincides with increasing detergent sales; and, of course, all old Pals everywhere. There remain disaffected only those malcontents and irreconcilables who for some unfathomable reason feel that assistance predicated upon grief to public view is both tasteless and degrading, and that the whole chop-licking business is, from beginning to end, enough to make the blood run-cold.



THESIS AND ANTITHESIS

by R. P. LISTER

R. P. LISTER is an English free lance whose light articles and verse are widely known on both sides of the Atlantic.

THESIS as well as antithesis must be trans-substantiated in Ibsen's Hegelian synthesis.

I culled this sentence from a review in the *Times* of Ibsen's *Emperor and Galilean*. I culled it because it struck me as being, with one possible exception, the most gorgeous sentence I ever encountered in the English language.

The one possible exception is the definition of a *urosternite* which I encountered one day in thumbing idly through Chambers's Twentieth Century Dictionary, a favorite source-book of jests and jolly quips. *A urosternite is the sternite of any somite of the urosome of an arthropod*. There is a largeness about this phrase conferred by that word "any." There is no niggling restriction on the number of sternites that may enjoy the shattering, the overwhelming glory of being urosternites. Not the sternite of one particular somite of the urosome may be thus honored; not the sternite of the left somite, or the right somite, or the counter-rotatory somite; but *any* somite. It was a great day for sternites when that definition was laid down.

My favorite sentence in the French language, if I may digress for a moment to drag it in, is of a radically different character. It occurs in a novel by Victor Hugo — I forget which novel — and it is a sentence spoken by a rather barbarous sergent, who opens his mouth and emits the following petrifying system of sounds: "Ou on en a eu un."

To return, however, to our urosternites and our theses and antith-

eses. When I encounter sentences of this nature, I like to amuse myself by dwelling on their possible significance. I am aware that this is a heretical point of view. True art, according to received doctrine, does not represent any object perceived in nature, though a perceived object may be used as a convenient peg to hang a work of art on; and in the same way, either of these sentences, considered as a pure work of art, exists as a joyous thing-in-itself, quite apart from any meaning that may be thought or imagined into it. I claim to be able to enjoy either sentence purely, in this aesthetic way; but I also like to trace, by cross references in the dictionary, some possible significance in the sentence, without necessarily assuming that the sentence's creator had any such vulgar purpose in mind. In the same way it amuses me, when regarding the works of Mr. Ben Nicholson, to imagine therein likenesses to moons, pussycats, bottles of pop, and guitars, whether or not they are there.

When I consider the urosternite, for instance, substituting for each of the unfamiliar words in the sentence its dictionary definition, I come to the conclusion that the urosternite is the ventral portion of any segment of the terminal somatome of one of a great division of the animal kingdom in which the body consists of a definite number of segments. To proceed further and ascertain that the somatome

is a homologous serial segment of the body of one of these entrancing arthropods only increases the sense of delighted mystification into which this matter of urosternites perennially plunges me. What is more, I learn that the word *urosternite* is derived from the Greek *oura*, a tail, and *sternon*, a chest, which conjures up a more delightful picture still.

Applying the same procedure to the sentence about Ibsen, I find that its significance is roughly as follows: a position advanced for argument, as well as a counterproposition, must be changed to another substance in Ibsen's Hegelian procedure of reasoning to a conclusion from principles previously established. When treated in this way the sentence does not become clear, but then it was not clear before, so nothing is lost. What is gained, however, apart from the sheer joy of contemplation, is a useful nervous apprehension of the danger of polysyllables, and a passing acquaintance with the dates of Hegel, as given in the definition of Hegelian: of or pertaining to Georg Wilhelm Friedrich *Hegel* (1770-1831).

I should mention in closing that my favorite German sentence is not a sentence, but a word; it is taken from that great Teutonic authority, Mark Twain; and it is *Der Hottentottenpotentatenmuttermörderattentatsverräter*: the betrayer of an attempt to murder the mother of a Hottentot potentate.

by MARY GORDON

DARLING, I know that I'm getting on
Whether I'm frisky, pretty, or wan.
When I look at myself in the mirror it's true
The lines are thirty — ah! thirty and two.

The lines of a face which knows the guile
Of *Vogue* and *Harper's*. The gamin smile
That says, "I'm no chicken, plain to see,
But couldn't you go for thirty and three?"

The lines of a figure that loved to dance
And once could catch an admiring glance;
But now — alas! I'm sad to admit
The dress must let out if it's going to fit.

The mirror can see and so can I
The ten best years have just gone by.
"The ten best years" — what's worse than that
A girdle does more for me than a hat!

But I can take it and like it, what's more,
If you'll say you still love me at thirty and four!



by DORIS OVERLAND

DORIS OVERLAND has reviewed books and done miscellaneous writing as a free lance. A former Bostonian, she now works in Springfield, Mass.

IT'S baffling not to know what they are saying when their noses are close to each other and their chins are set and their eyes are flashing. I can sometimes lose the thread of the whole plot that way. I think the French should speak a little more slowly when they get excited. This precision would be a good national characteristic to develop *en colère*, as it were, and then they would be sure of what they were saying themselves — and eventually it would be reflected in their drama, and I could understand it.

The French movie that I saw was about a man who went to prison for a crime which I don't know whether he committed or not. Anyway, he got out when he was gray at the temples, and he immediately got mixed up with a lot of people whom he seemed to know very well from way back. Most of them were gray at the temples, too. He was very sweet to a charming young girl who was sick, and it turned out that she was his daughter. I knew that because he said, "C'est ma fille" — and I heard him plain as anything. I wish they would always speak like that. They could use shorter sentences, too. It makes better dialogue.

Nothing annoys me so much as to hear one character say to another, "Je pense que —" and then lapse into sheer gibberish. I want to know what he or she is thinking. I know perfectly well what "Je pense que —" means. Another annoying thing is to hear one character pause and say quietly and clearly, "Cependant" — and then, just as I am all relaxed and

ready to hear a slow, considered statement, have him add three or four blurred French words that I cannot possibly understand, because I can't even distinguish the sounds. Sometimes a character will say "Cependant" and not say anything else at all. That is very disappointing, but it is to be preferred to the garbled mess that sometimes follows "Cependant."

The movie was most interesting when the daughter of the man who got out of prison met a young man in a cemetery. He grasped her hand and pressed it to his breast and cried, "Je vous aime!" She demurred haltingly that he shouldn't. I approve of halting dialogue in French — just a simple word here and there. It conveys the story just as well as a lot of pretentious orating about one's feelings. I catch up with the whole plot sometimes when one character gets out of breath and cannot say very much or think of long words.

I really got excited when the young man asked the girl to marry him. And when she demurred again, he cried, "Is it that you have no confidence in me?" The French word for confidence is "confiance." She told him no, it was not that. And then she went a little too fast, and I caught only one word. It was "fidèle." I realized then that she promised to remain "faithful" to someone who lay buried in the cemetery. *Quel sentiment!*

At another point in the plot there was a very interesting bit of dialogue. Two distinguished elderly men sat at a chess table and talked at length about something highly important. I strained both ears in vain, and it seemed that I should catch a few significant words, because there was a sonorous precision about their enunciation. I don't understand how some French actors can sound so clear and yet not say anything. In this case I think it was the beards. This cinema was a gay-nineties period piece, and the elderly characters wore drooping beards. Beards do something confusing to the sound of a French voice speaking French. I am sure of it.

But suddenly one of these elderly characters said something clearly. It was "*Votre discrétion fortifie mon sentiment.*" That was a brilliant line — typical sparkling French — a veritable *bon mot*. It would have been nice to know just why the one's discretion fortified the other's sentiment.

All in all, it was a good picture, and I enjoyed it very much. *Cependant* —



THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC

TAPE RECORDING

by JOHN M. CONLY

JOHN M. CONLY is a former New York and Washington newspaperman, now on the staff of High Fidelity Magazine. "*They Shall Have Music*" is a quarterly feature in the Atlantic.

TAPE recorders cost money. As recreational devices, they have found market, so far, among bird-song enthusiasts, sound maniacs, and cocktail-party gagsters. Now, however, that canny character, the living-room music listener, has begun to evince interest. As usual, in his wary way, he sprays the ground ahead with a barrage of queries.

Magnetic recording began twenty-one years later than mechanical recording. Edison cut his first cylinder in 1877. Emile Berliner originated the disk record in 1888. Ten years later, a Dane named Valdemar Poulsen invented magnetic recording, using a steel wire passed between two 2-foot reels at tremendous speed. An electromagnet planted magnetic signals on it as it went (the idea was to record telephone conversations) in low fidelity, and any audio pioneer who crouched to inspect the winding of the reels stood in some danger of acquiring phony Heidelberg scars if the wire broke and lashed at him.

The basic theory behind tape recording is fairly simple, although some of its refinements are not very well understood even by the technicians who devised them. If a bar of iron is wound with a coil of wire, and electric current is passed through the coil, the bar becomes a magnet, with a "north" pole and a "south" pole. Much of the magnetism departs (especially in an iron alloy mixed for the purpose) when the current stops. This is an electromagnet. The recording head of a tape recorder is

such an electromagnet, but bent into a circle so that the ends *almost* touch. Past it, touching both these ends, first one and then the other, runs the tape, coated with a plastic paint full of iron oxide particles.

Just as a common horseshoe magnet magnetizes pins and nails, so the electromagnetic head magnetizes stretches of the passing tape — or, rather, of the iron oxide coating on the tape. The magnetization, of course, is governed by the current in the coil wound around the top of the ring magnet. When the current comes from a microphone, for instance, the magnetization faithfully varies in accord with the sounds which activate the microphone. The vibrations of a high-frequency treble tone will lay down a succession of almost microscopic magnetized areas — south-pole, north-pole, south-pole, north-pole — each under a thousandth of an inch long. Deep bass vibrations will stretch out the interval between N and S to nearly an inch. These areas stay magnetized until erased. (Incidentally, erasure can happen accidentally. *Never store a reel near anything magnetic* — like a loud-speaker, for instance.)

Playing the tape back depends on another property of magnetic force. Lines of magnetic force (called flux lines) like to form complete loops, head to tail, so to speak. Emerging from the N pole of a bar magnet, a flux line promptly executes a graceful curve, heads back down the length of the magnet, and curves again to re-enter at the S pole. Flux lines will do this through air, but they much prefer to travel through iron or an iron alloy.

The surface of a magnetized tape is alive with these little arcing lines of force. To put them to work, a reproducing head is placed near them as the tape moves past. The reproducing head is an exact duplicate of

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Victor Aller, piano, with The Hollywood String Quartet

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SYMPHONY NO. 2 IN B FLAT MAJOR
The Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra conducted by William
Steinberg

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Roger DeSormière conducting The French National Symphony
Orchestra

P-8159 BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY NO. 6 "Pastorale"
The Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra conducted by William
Steinberg

P-8152 RAVEL: MIROIRS and GASPARD DE LA NUIT
Leonard Pennario, piano

P-8241 FAURE: REQUIEM
Roger Wagner conducting his Chorale and The Concert Arts
Orchestra

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the recording head (sometimes the same head), except that no current is fed into the coil around its bent waist. As one of the tips of its gapped ring approaches an arcing flux line, the latter abandons the inhospitable surface of the tape and leaps up to complete its loop, momentarily, through the ring of permeable metal that forms the head.

Nature is full of helpful reflexive effects. Just as a current in an adjacent wire will temporarily magnetize a piece of iron, so will a brief magnetic impulse in the iron generate a current in the wire. The leap of the magnetic arc from the tape through the iron of the reproducing head sends a tiny jolt of current out of the wire coiled around it. This travels to an amplifier, there to be built up and emerge from a loudspeaker as a glottis stroke by Perry Como or a drumbeat in Beethoven's "Eroica."

To erase a tape, it is merely necessary to run it through what engineers call a "decaying" series of alternating impulses. The first, strong impulse magnetizes all the oxide particles in one direction. The next, slightly weaker, reorients *nearly* all of them the other way, and so on, until total, random confusion reigns among them — meaning that they are neutral and devoid of signal. This represents one of the great boons of tape as a recording medium. It can be erased and used over again.

Tape has other vital assets, too. It can be cut and rejoined (patched with sticky tape or heat-welded) very easily. This makes editing extraordinarily simple, even for amateurs. Tape recording's mechanical friction-noise doesn't get into the recorded signal or sound, since it isn't magnetic in its nature. This produces eerily quiet recording background. Tape can be played over and over without loss of definition, whereas disk recordings, even played with the finest and most compliant jewel styli, do always lose, through abrasion, some of their high treble frequencies; the corners of the smallest, sharpest groove-turns are simply rubbed off. Moreover, even if grit gets into a reel of tape and scratches its surfaces, no clicks or pops are heard when it is played — a point which will be appreciated by collectors of today's

fine but vulnerable vinyl microgroove phonograph disks.

To offset these advantages, tape has had, until recently, a number of dubious qualities. Foremost among these has been its tone range or, as it is commonly called now, fidelity. High frequencies could be recorded but, from reels spinning at less than the

professional speeds of 30 or 15 inches per second, they couldn't be reproduced. The high overtones of a violin, for example, would leave on the tape magnetic impressions which were actually shorter than the gap in the recording head. Naturally these couldn't send

flux lines around the playback head's ring; they wouldn't reach. As recently as two years ago, it was estimated that at a tape speed of $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches per second (a common home-recorder speed) the high-fidelity ceiling was about 7000 cycles per second, approximately the same as a pre-war phonograph record.

Greater tape speed could obviate this trouble, of course. With the tape going twice as fast, the fiddle overtone's impression was spread out twice as far, and the gap in the reproducing head could easily pick it up. However, true professional tape recorders cost upward of about \$500 each, had to use big, 10-inch reels, and often weighed upward of 100 pounds. They weren't living-room equipment. (They did become standard equipment in the LP phonograph-record industry, however, so that their benefits reached home listeners at second hand. Virtually all phonograph records now are recorded initially on tape.)

True, there were a few semiprofessional machines available, offering two speeds — $7\frac{1}{2}$ and 15 inches per second. Most popular were the \$345 Concertone and the slightly more expensive Magnecordette. People who wanted to tape music — and couldn't wait — bought these, in substantial quantities. They have had no cause to regret it; these are fine, flexible machines. People who wanted nonmusical parlor playthings or secretarial devices bought slow-speed, low-fi, home-style recorders.

A good many people, however, weren't satisfied with this choice. They held out, in the hope that one of two



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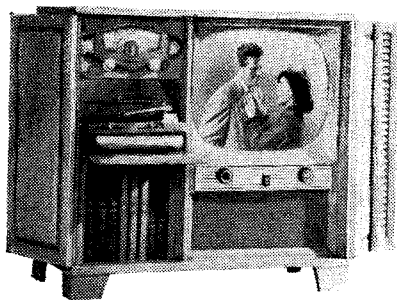
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things would happen. Either someone would make a low-cost, high-speed recorder, or someone else would make a high-fidelity, low-speed recorder.

They were wise. The second development is the one that took place in 1953. There are now on the market at least a half-dozen recorders which operate at $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches per second (some offer a talk-speed of $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches as well) and can record, when new, out to 13,000 or 15,000 cycles per second, which is as high as the average ear can hear. They can do it cleanly, too, with little flutter or other vibratory distortion. They range in price from \$199 to \$299, the lowest price being that of the Crestwood 401, which comes, like a professional recorder, without amplifier or speaker — just the recorder and its necessary pre-amplifier, to be plugged in and used with existing sound-systems.

The improvement which made this possible was not especially dramatic. To begin with, the recorder manufacturers had arbitrarily divided their customers into two groups: professionals, who wanted expensive, heavy-duty, precision machines, and laymen, who wanted low-fi parlor gadgets. In disagreement with this division, that

valorous corps, the hi-fi dealers, set up a tremendous squawk. Thereupon, the manufacturers began polishing and squeezing their recorder-head gaps and smoothing their tapes until $7\frac{1}{2}$ -inch-per-second machines could pick up musical frequencies as high as 15,000 cycles per second — when new.

The repeated qualification "when new" introduces another tape-recording problem, and may as well introduce a leading proponent, experimenter, and spokesman for tape — Dr. W. W. Wetzel, sound-tape research chief for Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Company, which makes more than half the tape used in the United States. Wetzel, after teaching physics at Colgate, Chicago, and Minnesota universities, got into magnetic development work during the war, devising anti-magnetic-mine protections for ships. Like many another devotee of hi-fi music, he gravitated to sound-research because he was dissatisfied with pre-war phonographic equipment.

A dark-haired, vigorous, cordial man of fifty, Wetzel is enthusiastic but honest about tape and tape recorders as home-music media. One tape-trouble problem, he and his laboratory

crew have already solved. The 1940 German tape, coated with black iron oxide, was rough and uneven. It generated unpredictable variations in



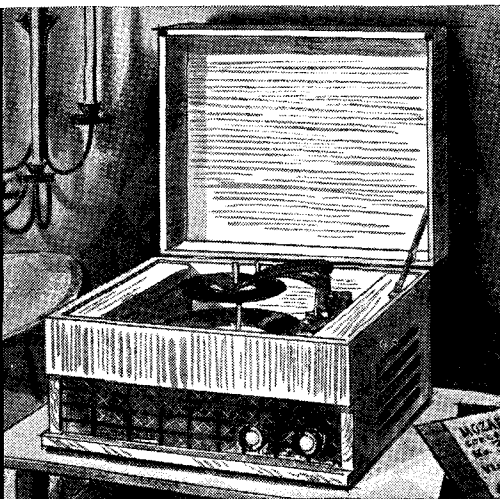
loudness, clouded the air dramatically with black sand as it shot past the reproducing head, and wore the tips of the head down so that their effectiveness waned rapidly. Wetzel and his associates tested hundreds of powdered oxides and came up with a red oxide which could be ground much more finely and applied more evenly. Now that this is standard, they have moved onward, discovering a green oxide which yields a much louder signal, lessening the proportion of random background noise and in general cleaning up the reproduced sound.

So far, Minnesota Mining is sole keeper of the secret of green high-output tape, though this probably won't last long. M-M-M's competitors, though much smaller, are very brisk outfits. Next biggest is Audio Devices (Audiotape), which retains the services of the redoubtable C. J. LeBel, erstwhile president of the Audio Engineering Society. Hard on its heels comes Reeves-Soundcraft, which does some of the finest custom recording work anywhere.

Next, says the insatiable Wetzel, someone should perfect and market a thinner tape, so that 2400 feet of it can be wound on a home recorder's 7-inch reel, yielding a good two hours of music per twin-track reel. He himself has been caught at the end of a half-hour reel when an orchestra, broadcasting by FM, was about to begin the last movement of a symphony. No one, he says with feeling, should have to move that fast.

Moreover, even the thinnest, smoothest tapes are still abrasive, and they wear recording and reproducing heads down. When a reproducing head has been ground down past a certain point, it suddenly suffers a drastic loss in tone range and must be replaced.

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In home use, this isn't much of a problem. The useful hi-fi life of such newly designed heads as the Shure "Golden" or the Brush BK-1090 — call it 1000 hours — compares very well with that of a diamond phonograph stylus. And replacement cost is not exorbitant — between \$15 and \$30.

Most present heads are made of an alloy called Mumetal, very permeable to magnetic impulses but softer than the tape that rubs against them. Wetzel points out that there exists another possible head material, which is harder than the oxide tape-coating: a baked magnetic ceramic called ferrite. Ferrite heads cannot yet be mass-produced, but Wetzel's men have handcrafted a few for theaters to use on their multichannel 3-D sound tracks, and they have outlasted metal heads three to one. At a venture, ferrite replacement heads should hit the home market in about two years.

It may be pointed out here, as a warning, that not every recorder can accommodate a new, improved recording head without internal adjustment. The major complication is a thing called "bias." Bias is a very-high-frequency signal, fed into the recording head along with the audio impulses. Its function is to shake up the tape's oxide particles, sensitizing them to even the weakest of the radio signals, which otherwise they tend to throw off. Not all recorders apply the same bias, and substituting a different-type head may produce distortion in the recorded sound. It may not be amiss to point out here that *any* head will produce distortion if it gets dirty or is pushed askew. For the exacting home recordist, a useful acquisition is a set of alignment-test tapes, which help him to get his recording and reproducing heads in exactly the right position for best performance. (One of the best sources is the L. S. Toogood Company, Chicago.)

Among the new crop of hi-fi 7½-inch recorders, several have brought in enthusiastic recommendations from users — notably the Revere T-10 (\$235), the Ampro 756 (\$240), the Brush "Soundmirror" 455P (\$289), the Webster-Electric Ekotape, and a new Webster-Chicago (Webcor) with three small loudspeakers. Perhaps most-mentioned are the new Crestwood paired units: the 401 (\$199), which consists of tape mechanism only, and the 402 (\$100), a matched amplifier-loudspeaker assembly. All the other makes mentioned above

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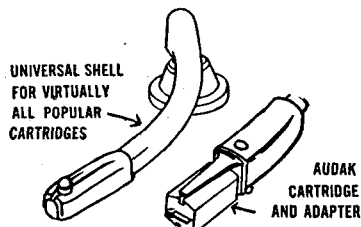
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have built-in amplifiers and speakers, though they also can be used with existing hi-fi equipment. In a slightly different category come the assorted Magnemites put out by the Amplifier Corporation of America. These are tiny devices, driven by smooth spring motors and powered by batteries, so that they may be carried and used anywhere. One of them, beloved by bird-call fanciers, has a 15-inch speed! They are not inexpensive.

However, most folk who buy hi-fi home recorders intend to use them mostly to copy phonograph records (unethical as this may seem to record manufacturers) or to tape radio broadcasts, which can be very rewarding in major cities, where excellent live musical programs are regularly transmitted on high-fidelity FM. Anyone planning to assemble a hi-fi rig incorporating a tape recorder, to follow these practices, is hereby advised to make sure that his amplifier has a tape-output socket. It will simplify his monitoring substantially. Others may have to do a modicum of tinkering to feed their recorder from phonopickup or radio tuner — and listen themselves at the same time.

There is, of course, prerecorded tape. As yet, however, it must be admitted that most of it is not cheap and not reliably good. Briefly, Magnecord published tapes duplicating Vox record releases, but at 7½ inches in days when 7½ was low-fi. A-V Tape Libraries, in New York, have been duplicating Remington records, on 7½-inches-per-second tapes which usually sound better than their counterpart disks. Westminster has definite plans to begin issuing tapes itself, later this year, and there are rumors that Columbia may commit a "select library" to tape. Up to now, prerecorded tapes have cost somewhat more than disks per minute of music — about \$8 an hour. This is cut somewhat when selections are offered on twin-track tape as well as single-track, as many are. It is probably safe to predict that most prerecorded tape will come out on twin-track, which indicates the desirability of getting double-track heads on recorders when there is a choice.

So far, only one small entrepreneur, Concertape, has put prerecorded binaural tape on the market. It requires double playback-heads, two amplifiers, and two speakers. Without doubt, there will be more 3-D tape before long.

There are people, not given to loose

talk, who say that the days of the classical phonograph disk are numbered. None of them care to pick a number, but there is reason to think that they are right.

Record Reviews

Beethoven: Symphony No. 6 in F, "Pastorale" (Willem van Otterloo conducting Vienna Symphony Orchestra; Epic: 12" LP). Epic records are issued by Columbia from the stockpile of their new Dutch affiliate, Phillips. Some early Epics suffered from a strange hollow sound. This one, contrariwise, has easily the best tonal quality of any "Pastorale" on disks — rich, limpid, delicious. Otterloo sets a gracious pace for music he obviously loves and understands. It all adds up to a very, very fine new Beethoven Sixth, perhaps the best.

Brahms: Sonatas for Clarinet and Piano, Op. 120, Nos. 1 and 2 (Leopold Wlach, clarinet; Georg Demus, piano; Westminster: 12" LP). Oddly, this is only the second LP recording of these unsurpassed works for the effective team of clarinet and piano. The Kell-Horszowski (Mercury) version has some intriguing subtleties, but nothing like the impressive sonic realism of Wlach and Demus's fond, relaxed performance.

Columbia Literary Series (Truman Capote, John Collier, Edna Ferber, Aldous Huxley, Christopher Isherwood, Somerset Maugham, Katherine Anne Porter, William Saroyan, Dame Edith, Sir Osbert, and Sacha Gervais Sitwell, John Steinbeck, reading from their own works; Columbia: six 12" LPs in black calf attaché case, with hard-cover booklet by Goddard Lieberson, producer. \$100). Absolutely engrossing as this set is, there must be few people willing to pay \$28 for the carrying case — and it is a good bet that Columbia will release the disks separately later on. They are treasures, not a one negligible. The writers read beautifully. When you can, sample Truman Capote's brittle, hypnotic tale of Miss Bobbitt, Sir Osbert Sitwell's drily hilarious account of a family's (his) sitting for a group portrait by Sargent, the restrained horror of Katherine Anne Porter's "Flowering Judas," William Saroyan's impatient leafing through his own plays, some of which mystify him utterly. All lastingly listenable.

Copland: Appalachian Spring; El Salón Mexico (Serge Koussevitzky conducting Boston Symphony Or-

chestra; RCA Victor: 12" LP). These are labeled as "Treasury" items, indicating reprints. If they are made-overs from the 78 albums M-1046 and M-546, some magic has been wrought, for the fidelity is exemplary. The performances, of course, are agelessly famous; no others extant can remotely compare.

D'Indy: *Symphony on a French Mountain Air with Saint-Saens: Concerto No. 5 in F* (Fabienne Jacquinet, piano; Anatole Fistoulari conducting Westminster Symphony Orchestra; M-G-M: 12" LP). In a way, perhaps the month's best buy: ideally paired recordings in which absolutely everything went right. No philosophical implications — just a sensation of soaring effortlessly through an aerial sea of enchanted sound. Try it!

Eliot, T. S.: *Murder in the*



Cathedral (Robert Donat and the Old Vic Company; Angel: two 12" LPs in album with illustrated program). Faultless and deeply stirring presentation of Eliot's first important play, dealing with the murder of Archbishop Thomas à Becket. The Grecian-style use of spoken chorus is particularly effective via phonograph. So is the terminal technique of having the murderers explain themselves to the audience. Wonderful.

Haydn: String Quartets, Op. 76, Nos. 1 and 2, "Quinten," 3 and 4, "Emperor" and Sunrise, 5 and 6 (Schneider Quartet; Haydn Society: three LPs, boxed or separately). The hard-worked adjectives fall away, and all I can find to say is that here is music I will truly love until death do us part, and that I think I have never heard it so well performed before, and certainly never so well recorded.

Strauss, Richard: *Don Quixote* (Clemens Krauss conducting Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; Pierre Fournier, cello solo; London: 12" LP). There is a fairly good Fritz Reiner version of this on Columbia cut-rate "Entré," and an elderly, authorita-

tive Decca with the composer conducting. However, Krauss has a peculiar affinity for Strauss, and the London engineers for Strauss-sounds (remember *Zarathustra*?). Here the brass and the acid lyricism are beautifully balanced in scrupulously maintained perspective. Very nice indeed.

Thomas, Dylan: *Selections from the Poetry of Dylan Thomas*, read by the Poet, Vol. 2 (Caedmon: 12" LP). The creative talent and untimely death of Dylan Thomas are treated of elsewhere in this issue, but the issuance of the second disk of his readings brings to mind another of his accomplishments. A true Welshman, he was a declamatory artist of extraordinary gifts. Beautifully recorded here, he reads eight poems, including "A Winter's Tale," "Death Shall Have No Dominion," and "If I Were Tickled by the Rub of Love."

Vivaldi: Chamber Concertos and Duo Sonatas (Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Pierre Pierlot, oboe; Robert Gendre, violin; Paul Hongne, bassoon; Robert Veyron-Lacroix, harpsichord; Haydn Society: 12" LP). A gem of unflinching melodic variety, played with zest and mastery, and recorded with just the degree of intimacy such music should have. Vivaldi liked his instruments (some of them newly invented then) to sound out, and they do here.

Speed the Parting Guest (Jimmy Carroll conducting nine men playing twenty-three percussion instruments and one U.S. Coast Guard Quoddy-head foghorn; Cook Laboratories: 10" LP). Subtitled "Hi-fi Bull in a Chime Shop," this proves that Emory Cook, the Sounds of Our Times maestro of the locomotive and the 20-cycle thunderclap, has a sense of humor. The central objective is sheer, horrendous noise, but the end result also embodies an odd and elfin charm. This opus slew audiophile visitors to the 1953 New York Audio Fair, but it also will serve as an infallibly entrancing children's record.

Voodoo — Authentic Music and Rhythms of Haiti (Emy de Pradines conducting Haiti Danse Orchestra and Chorus; Remington: 12" LP). Hardly half of this has any relation to voodoo ritual; the rest is assorted folk music; but it's all very good listening. The drum portions are hi-fi excitement of a high order, and at least one of the songs, the nostalgic love-ballade *Choucounne*, is one of the prettiest things you ever heard in your life. Price: \$2.99, and well worth it.

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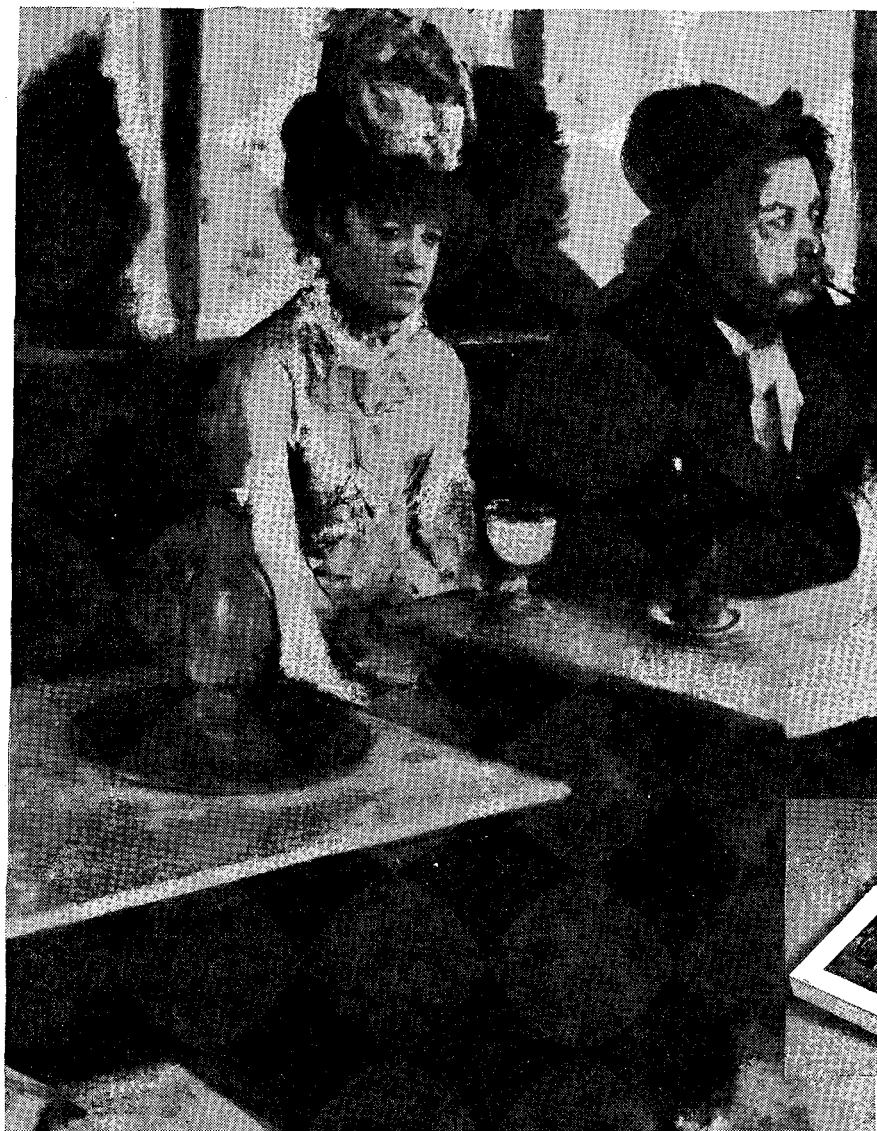


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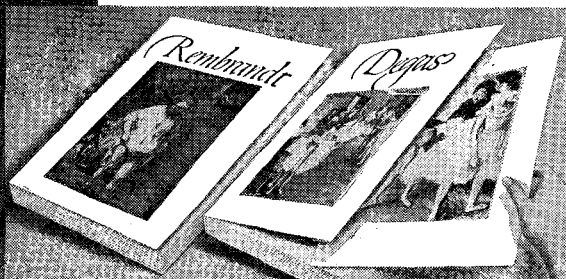
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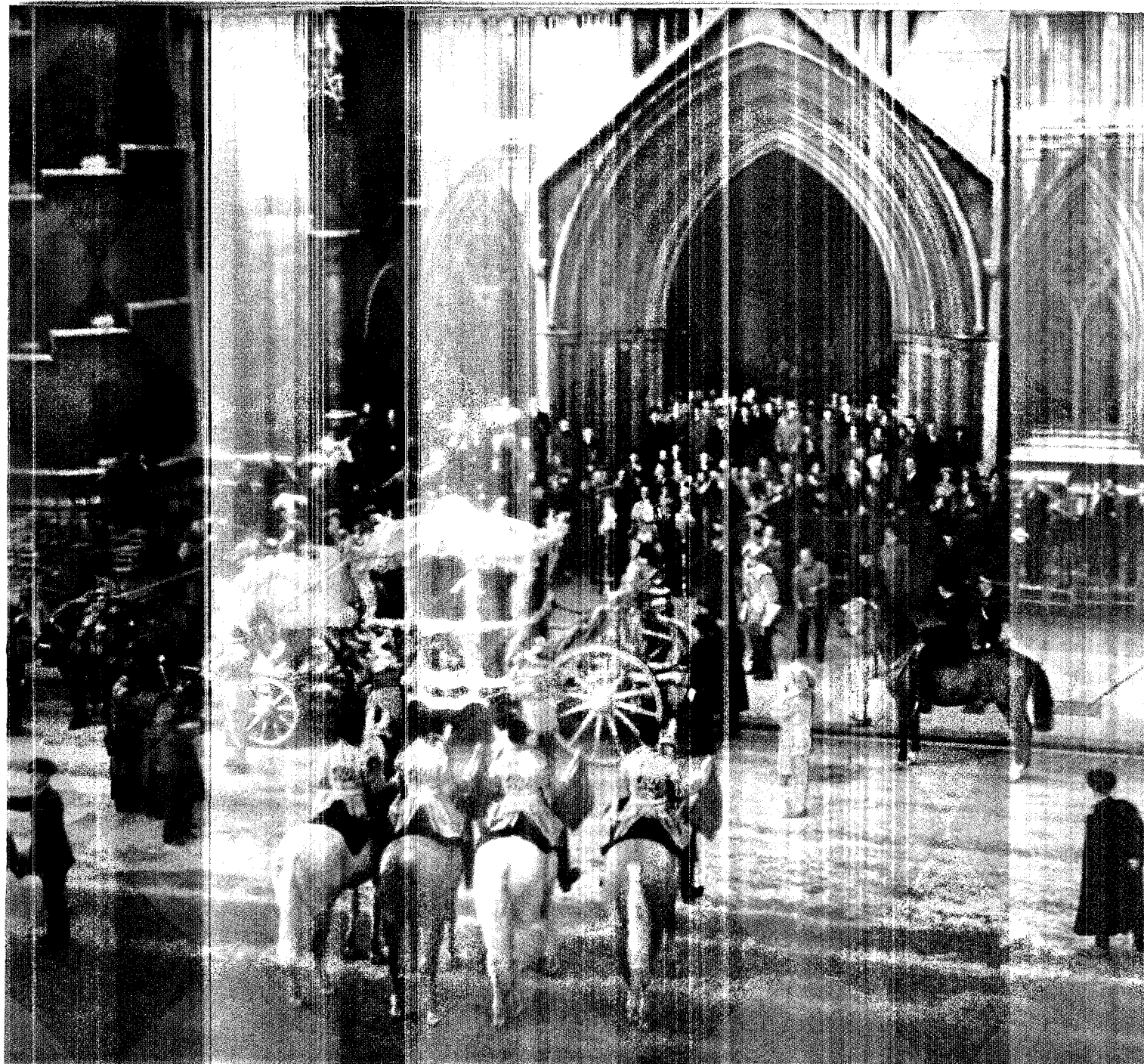
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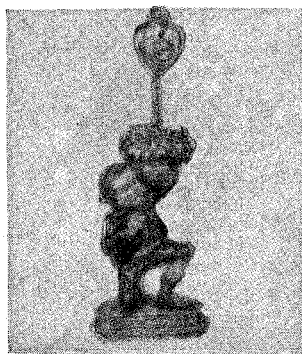
And memories of your trip will last a lifetime—memories of scarlet and gold, of a New Elizabethan Age, of a great renaissance, and friendly people who speak your language.

See your Travel Agent or write to the British Travel Association, Box 7G, 336 Madison Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



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